

£2,200 IN PRIZES. See page 658.

**HOME
POTTED
MEATS.**

Excellent
Quality.
Delicious
Flavour.

**M
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S**
had
most
send
13 for
Star and
Local
your
to, to
**ENTREE,
AY STREET,
THPORT.S**

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

SMOKE

THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND

CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,

AT THEIR

BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,

AND

Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

452.]

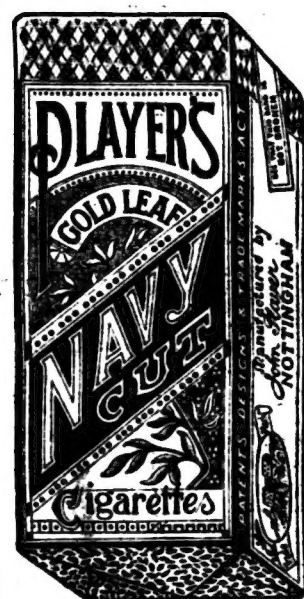
TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 18, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Good Company



FACSIMILE OF PACKET OF 12.



FACSIMILE
OF TIN
OF 100.

**BEWARE
OF IMITATIONS.**

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark
"Nottingham Castle" on every packet
and tin.

Always ask for **PLAYER'S**—the
ORIGINAL and BEST.

**PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

are manufactured from the finest Bright Virginia—there is
nothing better. They are sold only in packets of 6 & 12, and in
tins of 24, 50 and 100. They may now also be obtained in a larger size
"MAGNUMS" in card cases containing 8, and tins containing 16, 50 & 100.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

NESTLE'S FOOD

THE BEST OF ALL FOODS FOR
INFANTS and INVALIDS.
VERY NOURISHING AND PALATABLE.
DOES NOT CURDLE IN THE STOMACH.

ALSO INVALUABLE FOR BABIES IN THE TIME OF WEANING.
Sample Tin and Pamphlet, with testimony of the highest Medical Authorities, sent free on application to
H. NESTLE, 48 Cannon Street, E.C.

Why not have Value for Money?

MITCHELL'S GOLD MEDAL "PRIZE CROP" Choice Virginia CIGARETTES,

WEIGHT
FOR
MONEY.

PER 8^d. OZ.

VALUE
IN
WEIGHT.



Dr. ANDREW WILSON,
F.R.S.E., Etc., says:

"Pure Tobacco is as essential a
condition for the smoker as pure food
and pure air, and your
Tortoise-shell Mixture is abso-
lutely pure and makes a cool and
fragrant smoke."

Tortoise-Shell Mixture

It is a mixture of pure Tobacco,
scientifically blended, free from added scent,
flavouring or sugar, which only adds the
natural aroma of the natural leaf. It
differs entirely from any tobacco
hitherto put before the public. Give
it a trial. Sold in 1 oz. Packets
and 2, 4, and 8 ounce
Tortoise-shell Tins.

Ask at all First-class Tobacconists and Stores

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, IPSWICH, LONDON & NORWICH. Estd. 1790.

THE
ROYAL 3^d.
MAGAZINE.

THE BEST WATCH IN THE WORLD



H. SAMUEL'S Famous
Sterling Silver "ACME"
25/- Watch for
Gentlemen. A
Lifetime's Wear. Five
Years' Warranty. Bonus
Gift Free.

H. SAMUEL'S

WORLD-FAMED WATCHES

are the ACME OF PERFECTION. H. SAMUEL'S
WATCHES contain remarkable patents only to be
procured in his celebrated Watches. PATENTED
BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
ALWAYS RELIABLE, ALWAYS VALUABLE, ALWAYS
SATISFACTORY. H. SAMUEL has effected a great
revolution in the supply of HIGHEST QUALITY
goods at LOWEST PRICES to the BEST
INTERESTS of every reader.

SPECIAL BONUS GIFTS

Free for Purchasers. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL
allowed, and if dissatisfied the full amount re-
turned. H. SAMUEL has the LARGEST SALE and
the LARGEST STOCK of Watches, Clocks, Jewe-
lry, &c., in the World. H. SAMUEL has received
HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS from all parts of
the Globe.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

Write for one of H. SAMUEL'S New Bargain
Albums, consisting of over 200 pages, and over
5,000 beautiful illustrations. WRITE AT ONCE!!!
POST YOUR LETTER TO-DAY!!! And to-morrow
H. SAMUEL sends you this GRAND NEW VOLUME
ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!

H. SAMUEL (Dept. D), 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107,
and 109, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER
Also at Preston, Bolton, Leicester, Rochdale, and Cardiff.

BONUS
GIFTS
FREE.

10/6

Solid Silver
Keyless
Watch for
Gentlemen.
Jewelled
Movement,
Accurately
Timed,
Winds and
Sets Hands
from Stem.



THE BEST WINTER SWEET.
USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.



At Court and Cottage for nearly 50 Years,
SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS have been
well-known.

BALMORAL CASTLE. October 28th, 1899.
I enclose Stamp and beg Mr. SKUSE to send
3 boxes of Tablets to Balmorral Castle, Aberdeenshire.
KINGSTON PALACE. November 1st, 1899.
With Mr. SKUSE's oblige by sending at once 3 boxes of
Herbal Tablets.
HOUSE OF COMMONS. Wednesday, 26-4-99.
Thanks for Herbal Tablets, enclosed in P.O.
Yours faithfully, J.S.
ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, PUTNEY, S.W.

Enclosed is 4/6. Please send at once 30 Boxes of
Herbal Tablets, and much oblige, yours truly, G.E.O.
These Famous Tablets are prepared from
the finest Aniseed, Horehound, Colts-
foot, Chamela, &c. Are used and recom-
mended by Physicians everywhere.

Sold by Stores, Chemists and Confectioners.
3 oz. (lever top) Cansisters, 3d.
1 ounce Tins, 1d.

The larger packages, being straight, are specially
E. SKUSE, Ashmore Works, LONDON, W.

THE SWEETS PAR EXCELLENCE.

DEVONA.

Made with Dutch dotted Cream. The unique and
delicate flavour of Devona is the result of the choice
ingredients, producing a fragrance hitherto un-
attained.

CHOCOLATE DEVONA.

This is Chocolate in its most delicious form and
sweetest. Sold everywhere in 1d. and 3d.
packages. Wholesale only, E. SKUSE, Ashmore
Works, LONDON, W.

BORWICK'S POWDER

The best
Baking
Powder
in the
World.

£3 Type-
Writer.

Particulars of GLOBE CO.,
66, Holborn Viaduct, London, W.C.

ROBINSON & CLEVER IRISH DAMASK

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)
TABLE LINEN
Special Arrangements to the Queen and Emperor Frederick of Ger-
many. To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to

THE IMPROVED BARTLETT CLINCHER TYRES

THE BEST VALUE OBTAINABLE FOR 1899.
THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC INVENTED. HAS NO WIN-
CLINCHER TYRE

THE MOST RELIABLE TYRE PRODUCED.
USED BY JEFFERSON IN HIS WORLD'S RECORD RIDE TO KHIVA
5,402 MILES WITHOUT A PUNCTURE.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD., 57 MOORGATE ST.

EPILEPTIC FITS

French's Remedy

IMMEDIATE
RELIEF.
PERMANENT
CURE.

EXTRACT FROM A KNOWN TESTIMONIAL.
Rev. J. WHELAN, Hither Green, S.E., Dec. 9th, 1898: "I
found after what I have seen and known, to urge the fit-
ness of Epileptic to lose no time in giving your Remedy
a trial."

Send for full Testimonials and Part
sent free on application to
FRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD.
33 South Frederick St.
DUBLIN.

If you want more coupons, use those in the following papers: "Home Notes" (Mar. 25), "Short Stories" (Mar. 18), "Sunday Reader" (Mar. 18), "Big Budget" (Mar. 18), "Pick-Me-Up" (Mar. 18), and "Pastimes" (Mar. 18)

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance and the Football and Cycling Insurances, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, March 10th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, March 18th, 1899. For full particulars see page 668.

No. 452.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 18, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

960,000 FARTHING,
OR
240,000 PENCE,
OR
20,000 SHILLINGS,
OR
8,000 HALF-CROWNS.

This Prize may be Yours.

£1,000.

This Prize may be Yours.

£25 FOR A NEWS-
AGENT OR BOOKSTALL
CLERK.

£5 FOR EACH OF THE
BOOKSTALL BOYS.

£50 FOR WITNESSES.

TO win this substantial sum of money, all you have to do is to fill up the coupon below, giving in the proper place the number of births and the number of deaths which will occur in the thirty-three great towns in the United Kingdom for the week ending April 22nd, 1899.

Then write down your name and address, and ask five of your friends to write their names and addresses in the spaces provided. Any coupon not bearing these names will be disqualified.

Also ask the newsagent or bookstall clerk, from whom you obtained this copy of "P.W.," to insert his name and address in the space provided. Although such a course is obviously to his advantage, it is not compulsory for the coupon to bear his signature.

Witnesses, newsagents, and bookstall clerks may sign any number of coupons, and competitors may sign each other's as witnesses.

To the person whose attempt is correct we will pay the sum of **£1,000.**

To the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£25**, and **£5** to each of the boys attached to the bookstall from which the paper was bought.

To each of the witnesses whose names appear on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£10.**

If no competitor estimates the correct number of births and deaths, the £1,000 will be awarded to the individual whose forecast is most nearly correct.

In the event of two or more persons being correct, the £1,000 will be divided amongst them. This condition applies also to the £25 for the newsagent or bookstall clerk, the £5 for bookstall boys, and the £10 for each of the persons who sign the winning coupons.

One competitor may send in any number of attempts, but each coupon must be signed by five persons under the conditions mentioned above.

It must be clearly understood that all persons who enter for this competition must abide by the decision of the Editor in any question that may arise in connection with the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope to be marked in the left-hand corner with the word: "Births."

As a guide to your estimate we give below the number of Births and Deaths which have taken place in the thirty-three largest towns in the United Kingdom for the corresponding period during the past three years.

Registered during the Week Ending April 25th, 1896.		Registered during the Week Ending April 24th, 1897.		Registered during the Week Ending April 23rd, 1898.	
Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.
6,783	4,062	6,226	3,965	7,202	3,905

The figures published by the Registrar-General will be taken as correct. On December 2nd, 1898, a competition similar to this was declared legal by the Appeal Court.

THE COMPETITION CLOSES ON MONDAY, APRIL 17th.

P.W.] My estimate is { Births
Deaths

Write in
large figures.

Name

Address

Name and address of five people:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk *

* If a bookstall clerk the name of the station will be sufficient.

THIS PRIZE IS OFFERED IN CONJUNCTION WITH "HOME NOTES," "SHORT STORIES," "SUNDAY READER," "BIG BUDGET," "PICK-ME-UP," AND "PASTIMES."

On Saturday, March 18th, the Spring Double Number of HOME NOTES (dated March 25th), will be published, price 2d.

A FORGER UNMASKED.

TOLD BY A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

BY B. C. SKOTTOWE.

"I WANT your assistance," said my visitor, a young man of about twenty-five, of a sufficiently prepossessing appearance, "in a case of forgery. It is a big thing, for it is the third of its kind, and the amount has steadily risen until the last is a stroke for £10,000, or, to be exact, £10,000 10s. 4d. I suppose the forger thought that the odd shillings and pence would make the thing look more genuine to the bank."

"What is the name?" I inquired, by way of getting this case into proper order.

"My name is Cartwright, but the person who has been victimised is Mr. Metherell."

"Metherell and Co., do you mean?"

"Yes."

I was much gratified to hear this. The case promised well, for the firm was a very prosperous one.

"The case is one of much mystery," resumed Mr. Cartwright, "for the bank, the Cambodian Limited, declares that the signature is undoubtedly Mr. Metherell's own—a genuine signature, and not a forgery. So does an expert who was called in. Personally, I should never have had the slightest suspicion that there was anything wrong, though, of course, my opinion is not worth much. But then old Potter, the confidential clerk and manager, a dry old person as exact as clockwork, who has been with Metherell's for years and years, and knows Mr. Metherell's signature as well as his own, admitted, with a good deal of humming and hawing, when Mr. Metherell insisted on hearing his opinion, that if the chief had not declared positively that he never signed such a cheque, he—I mean Potter—would have thought it quite right. So the forgery must be uncommonly good."

"Does Mr. Metherell wish to see me?" I said, for I preferred to deal, if possible, with principals.

"Mr. Metherell has nothing to do with it," said Mr. Cartwright, "and in order that you may understand, I am afraid that I must enter into what may seem to you irrelevant details. The fact is, Mr. Metherell has a daughter—an ingenious bluish hero made its appearance—a most beautiful and charming girl; I must tell you that. I have been in love with her for some time, and it is my highest and dearest dream to make her my wife. I have reason to know that my passion is not unreciprocated, but—"

"But the old gentleman strongly objected, and has only consented now on condition that you discover who has committed the forgeries."

"Oh, he told you, did he?"

"No. I have not even seen him. But if not, why a 'but,' and why are you here?"

"I see," he said, with an approving nod of the head, which rather amused me, "I was right to come to you, Mr. Basing Hall. But the fact is that there is another fellow, a Mr. Nicholas Kibblethwaite, whom Floren—I mean Miss Metherell, dislikes intensely, but Mr. Metherell approves of, because he is much wealthier than I am. Mr. Metherell has done all he can to persuade her to marry Kibblethwaite, but Miss Metherell is a dear, brave, devoted girl, and she has resisted all. Well, then, at last—I don't wish to be harsh, but, really, Mr. Metherell's conduct is more worthy of a savage mediæval father than a modern person—when this last forgery turned up he sent for Kibblethwaite and me, and told us both in her presence that whichever of us could discover the forger and bring him to justice should marry her willy-nilly, and he pledged his word of honour."

"How did Kibblethwaite take it?"

"Very badly. I suppose he was disgusted at not being able to carry it off by his money, and having to work his brains instead. But when I jumped at the chance, he agreed too. But he must have said something to Mr. Metherell, for I heard the latter reply that it was of far more consequence to him to discover the forger than anything else; for if these heavy drains continued he would soon be a ruined man. I came off to you at once."

"Are you in Metherell's office?"

"No; I am a stockbroker—a struggling one at present, but I hope to do better later on."

"Is Kibblethwaite in Metherell's?"

"No, he is an agent of some sort. He has done business with Metherell's, but I should say must have private means of his own, for, as far as I hear, he has plenty of time to go about."

"First of all, I must see Mr. Metherell. Give me his address, your own, and Kibblethwaite's. They will all be useful. You needn't be alarmed. I have never sold a client yet, and I am not going to begin now. But I must see Mr. Metherell, in order to ascertain exactly how he does his business."

When I arrived at Metherell's I found a fine carriage waiting at the door. In it sat a very handsome girl—one of those golden-locked beauties with brilliant complexions who seem literally to move in a radiant halo of their own loveliness. If this were Mr. Cartwright's sweetheart he certainly was a lucky man.

At that moment a tall, erect, fine-looking personage came out of Metherell's and spoke to her. I concluded that he was her father, and addressed him.

"I am afraid I can't attend to you now," he said. "If you will call to-morrow morning—"

"It is about the forgery," I said in a low tone.

Immediately he dismissed his daughter and the carriage with an excuse, and conducted me to his private room. I explained my mission and object.

"I want first to see the cheque," I said.

It was quite an ordinary draft printed in colours. The date and figures were stamped in what is known as indelible ink. "Whose writing is this?" I inquired, with reference to the filling up of the body of the cheque.

"That purports to be Potter's, my head clerk, who always does that part. It completes the thing, of course, but it won't bear examination or comparison. In short, though the experts persist that the signature is a genuine one of mine, written by me, they say that the Potter part is an obvious forgery by a not very skilful hand. That, however, was to be expected. The question is, how did they get my signature so exactly?"

"What makes you so sure that you didn't sign it?"

"Because there is no counterfoil to it in any of my books, and the counterfoils are most carefully kept and verified. Moreover, it has been ascertained that the cheque was never issued to me. It formed one of a book which was issued to another firm which went into liquidation last year. Wortham and Sons was the name. I remember it well, for I had some dealings with them, and should have had more but for a hint from a friend."

"Useful friend. What was his name?"

"Kibblethwaite."

"That point is decidedly in your favour." After this I asked a number of questions with regard to the way in which Mr. Metherell managed his business.

"I sign all letters, order-notes, bills of delivery, receipts and cheques when they have been written or filled in by the clerk."

"Can you show me any specimens?"

Various documents and volumes were produced, but what especially struck my fancy was a book of receipt-forms. These were long oblongs, containing forms and counterfoils, so that a complete record of the nature of each receipt given could be kept. I looked through the counterfoils, and saw the name of Kibblethwaite among others. The forms were rather like cheques, being printed in colour, while the place for the signature was at the bottom right-hand corner. As I looked at them I got an idea.

Before I went I elicited from Mr. Metherell that he had no partner, and also the names and addresses of all his clerks.

"But surely you don't suspect —?" he added with regard to the last request.

"I suspect nothing," I said. "It is my business to find out."

I took one of the receipt forms away with me, and on my return to my office, proceeded to treat it with some chemicals. The result was just as I had expected.

After this I shadowed Kibblethwaite for about a week, until I knew all about him. I also made careful investigations into the life and circumstances of the entire staff of clerks. In the course of this work I made some curious discoveries. Kibblethwaite proved, much as I had expected, to be rather a "tricky" personage. His "agency" was of a flimsy financial character, which fluctuated between big strokes of profit and absolute lack of business, while there was always the possibility that some day some aggrieved "client" might take it into his head to carry matters into the law-courts, when Kibblethwaite would probably spend some very disagreeable quarters of an hour. If Mr. Metherell had known a tithe of what I could tell him, he would never have dreamt of giving his daughter to such a man.

I marvelled that he had not made full inquiries, but could only imagine that he had been over-impressed by the timely information that Kibblethwaite had been able to give him with regard to Wortham and Sons, which, no doubt, the informant had acquired in some shady by-path of commerce.

At the end of a fortnight I invited Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Metherell to my office at the same hour, requesting the latter to bring his book of receipt-forms. They both looked surprised at the sight of the other.

"I suppose you have discovered the forger?" inquired Mr. Metherell.

"Yes," I replied; "but I wish first to show you a chemical experiment. Will you put your signature to this blank form?"

I tore out the signed form, and treated it as I had done the first, with the result that I succeeded in detaching the face, consisting simply of the thin opaque sheet of colour-printing with the signature lying on it. This I transferred with much care to the face of an ordinary cheque of my own. Having dried it with a hot iron, I applied a brush dipped in a certain solution to every part except the signature, and the whole of the receipt-form vanished, leaving Mr. Metherell's signature attached to my cheque.

"Wonderful!" he said, peering at it with much curiosity.

"And you mean that that is how —?"

"That is how your signature was obtained to a cheque which you never signed. You observe that all that is necessary is to have a signed receipt of yours, and the knowledge how to use it. Now, the number of your receipts is, of course, very large. The thing was to find the knowledge combined with incriminating circumstances. I don't mind owning that at first I went entirely wrong. I tracked a man of shady circumstances, large expenditure, and doubtful sources of income, who had dealings with you, possessed some of your receipts, and was otherwise intimate. I mean Mr. Kibblethwaite. Yes, I will tell you about him in full later on if you like; but I could find no trace of the knowledge. When a man goes in for chemicals, the smells, the mess, the phials and tubes betray him. The servants soon get to know that master sits in a back-room making a mess and a smell with bottles and glasses. Now Kibblethwaite's tastes were in the direction of racing, ratting, billiards, cards, not books and experiments. However, when I turned my attention elsewhere, I soon got on the track of a man who was considered unsocial by his colleagues—that is, there was no private fellowship and no acquaintance among the female relations on either side. This man could at any time have procured Mr. Metherell's signature to a real receipt, pocketed that, and substituted another signed by himself for the firm by the simple process of having an extra book of forms on his own account."

"You don't mean —?"

"I mean that I tracked this man to his address, found that he did not live there, and that I could get nothing

from the occupants but that he was out or engaged. Tracked him in time to his real home, and found that he owned a fine villa on Clapham Common, a handsomely dressed wife, lived in a good deal of luxury for a man in his position, and was known as 'Something in the City' on his own account. This looked fishy on a clerk's salary. Add to that that I was fortunate enough to discover that he was considered a shining light of science in the neighbourhood, because one winter he had given a series of lectures at the Institute on metals and tests, the cyanide treatment of gold 'tailings,' and other practical subjects. After that I obtained from Mr. Metherell a list of all the receipts issued by him during the past year. I made it my business to see every one of these, and at last I found one which was not signed by Mr. Metherell. It was signed 'T. Potter,' for the firm."

Mr. Metherell uttered a groan.

"I then interviewed the manufacturers of the receipt-books, and found that one more was ordered and paid for by Mr. Potter than the number ordered for the firm. I now," I concluded addressing Mr. Cartwright, "place in your hands the result of my inquiry, which can be supported by sworn evidence whenever it is desired."

Mr. Metherell again broke the silence:

"To think how I trusted that wretched man. Why, his whole appearance seemed to breathe of grimy honesty. He was too dirty to suggest the idea of a successful swindler."

"You should see Mr. Potter, the prosperous City merchant, in his beautiful frock-coat and shiny hat, on his way to church, with his wife all silks and satins, on Sunday," I suggested.

"The villain! And it seems I have to thank you not only for discovering one scoundrel who had victimised me, but for raving my daughter from another."

"Thank Mr. Cartwright. I am merely his agent."

"I shall thank him in the way that he will most appreciate, and I shall show my gratitude to you in a practical manner. Come, Cartwright."

They went away together. There was a wedding within six months, and Miss Metherell made a truly lovely bride. I received a liberal cheque from Mr. Cartwright, and a princely one from Mr. Metherell.

Potter was arrested, and the evidence was so conclusive against him that he confessed, among other things, that he had bought a desk at Wortham and Sons' sale, and found the old cheque-book in a secret drawer. This accident was the turning point in his career from whence he diverged into crime. Even in his desperate plight, however, he jeered at the experts who had declared his own writing to be a forgery, because he purposely caused the pen to halt and shake in order to produce a cramped and constrained effect.

Breaking in a Locomotive.

"Yes, I'm the professional breaker-in, as you term it," confessed a keen-eyed and grizzled individual to P.W., on a recent tour of the locomotive factory of a prominent railway company.

"All engines pass through my hands before they start life in earnest. Immediately a new one is finished and kindled for the first time, I step on the foot-plate, and run her backwards and forwards along a siding reserved for that particular purpose. Sometimes these preliminary canterers are thoroughly satisfactory, but as a general rule they leave much to be desired, and consequently it is nothing uncommon for them to last for a couple of days or longer."

"All the time this is going on, the mechanics, under my direction, are busy touching up the troublesome parts—the blast pipe, reversing lever, brake gear, eccentrics, or whatever is not acting quite properly, and at last she is pronounced fit for venturing on the main line. Away we start, with an occasional 'Good luck to ye' from some sympathetic signalman or artisan."

"Being sandwiched in between two trains, as it were, I have, by hook or by crook, to keep her up to the scratch for fear of delaying the regular traffic, and so, while putting her through the regulation facings, and listening to her internal music (which we know so well how to interpret), I have to be prepared to shunt into a refuge siding in emergencies. As the signalmen fully appreciate the uncertainty of our movement they are accordingly on the watch."

"After a few of those trial trips the engine is put in the hands of its appointed driver, and my attentions are transferred to the next, and the next."

"Of course, I've spent most of my life in driving engines, and that's why I'm on this job. A mere mechanic would be no use at it. After all, its humouring that a locomotive wants—and a good deal of it—to make her do her level best under the varying conditions in which she has to work."

£2,200 IN PRIZES!

THE BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE!

These Prizes are divided as follows —

£1,000 1st Prize in "Birth" Competition.
50 Witnesses, "
25 Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk.

£1,075
1,000
100
25 } In Football Competitions.

£2,200 GRAND TOTAL.

Tell your
Friends
About it.

A WAVE THAT WENT ROUND THE WORLD.

AND OTHERS THAT HAD A SPELL ASHORE.

WE who "sit at home at ease," listening to the tale or reading of ships going down in the storm, have but a vague idea of the size and power of the waves. Novelists tell us that the sea runs mountains high on certain occasions, but the exact height is usually left to the imagination of the reader.

To properly appreciate the majesty of the waves, or swell, of the ocean in their wrath, it is necessary to see them, no doubt; but a few easily-grasped figures and facts will enable us to obtain a very satisfactory impression of what a life on the ocean wave may mean at times.

There is a general notion that a wave is a body of water moving along; that is, that the billow which we observe at a distance of several yards and watch until it reaches and passes us, is the same body of water in different places. This is erroneous. A wave is the outward sign of a state of strain, some force brought to bear on the water.

When the force is first applied to the water, it causes a displacement of the particles of which the fluid is composed; for water is practically incompressible, and the particles first affected pass the stress on to the next and resume their former equilibrium. And so the oscillatory movement goes on over the whole space or until the force is spent.

Throw a stone into a pond and you will see this at once. The force of the falling stone drives the particles of water aside in all directions. They impart the force to their neighbours, and fall back into their places. The ripple which we watch is simply the force of the fall of the stone being passed on. Hence, a wave is a motion, not a mass in movement.

The velocity of a wave depends upon the wind, the depth of water, and the length of the wave from crest to crest; or, as we should describe it in popular language, the distance from the top of one wave to the top of the next. To the man of science, a wave is the space from crest to crest, whereas the ordinary person measures from hollow to hollow.

The height of the waves varies in different depths of water, as well as in accordance with their length. Dr. Scoresby, who measured the waves of the Atlantic, found some to be 43ft. from crest to trough; while others, in comparatively shallow water, were between 4ft. and 5ft. He estimated the average height to be 10ft. A wave 600ft. long in the Atlantic usually has a height of 30ft., and moves at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour.

But a storm brings about variations of these calculations, while earthquakes are also responsible for many vagaries.

Careful estimates by experienced men have shown that during a heavy storm in the South Atlantic the waves are often 50ft. high, while their length for that height is about 400ft. Near Santander, on the Spanish coast, waves nearly 80ft. high, with a length of rather less than 400ft., have been noted. In the North Sea waves rarely exceed 150ft. in length and 15ft. in height.

The longest wave ever measured was in the Atlantic; it was 2,720ft. and it moved at the rate of a mile a minute. In the Bay of Biscay waves 1,320ft. have been observed; they were moving at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Earthquakes play some peculiar pranks with the waters. During that which occurred at Samoda, on the Island of Nippon, in Japan, the harbour was emptied of water, then the water came back in a rush, only to recede again. This occurred several times. Now mark what took place. The wave or swell travelled across the bottom of the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco, 4,800 miles away, in twelve hours and sixteen minutes, equal to six and a half miles a minute. The self-registering recorder at the latter place is proof of this.

In 1883, during an earthquake in Java, a wave swept along a total coast line of forty miles. It was apparently tired of the sea, and wanted a spell ashore, for it did not confine itself to the beach. It travelled inland, and, in a sportive mood, it landed a steamer two miles inland in a jungle.

The biggest solitary wave ever known was caused by the Peruvian earthquake of 1868. Never has such a wave been originated by a seismic disturbance that was in itself of so small an area.

At Arica, Peru, its height was 50ft. This also went ashore, carrying with it two warships and depositing them a mile beyond the railway. Then it went on a journey round the globe. At San Pedro, California, it had increased its stature by 10ft. It visited the Sandwich Islands, and again went ashore, quite submerging some of the smaller members of the group. It reached Yokohama, Japan, in the early hours of the next morning, having taken in New Zealand on its way, and finally spent itself in the South Atlantic, after beating the "round the world" record.

LITTLE ROGER: "Pa, what are the three elements?"
Pa: "Fire, water, and air."
Little Roger: "Then, what are political elements?"
Pa: "Fire-water and wind."

After the Ball.

A LAST word in the vestibule,
A touch of taper fingers,
A scent of roses sweet and cool
When she has gone still lingers.

He pauses at the carriage door
To sigh a bit and ponder;
He thinks the matter o'er and o'er,
And all his senses wonder.

With mantle thrown aside in haste,
Her heart a bit uncertain,
And neither time nor love to waste,
She watches through the curtain.

And she has played him well he knows,
Nor has he cared to stop her;
She wonders when he will propose,
He wonders how he'll drop her.

They Enjoy the Sensation.

"You would be surprised," remarked a lift-attendant at a certain large building to the writer recently, "at the number of people who use the lift just for the sake of the sensation, they having really no business whatever in the building. Of course, we cannot very well prevent them doing this, for there is nothing to show conclusively that they are only using the elevator for the sake of the sensation to be obtained from the ride."

"One bluff old gentleman, however, confessed to me that as often as not, he went up and down because he enjoyed the sensation, and he added that he found his liver benefited largely from the motion."

Still Uncured.

FIRST FRIEND: "Feeling run down, eh? Now, take my advice—tie a boiled onion between your eyes; it's the only thing that will cure you."

Second Friend: "My boy, what you want to do is to put a cold poker down your back under your shirt—and paint your arm with lampblack. It's the only remedy that's any good."

Third Friend: "Oh, I know what's wrong, my boy! My mother said that sunflowers tied round the waist and a lump of butter on the head were the best things in the world for it."

Fourth Friend: "In all my experience I never knew orange peel wrapped round the knee to fail to cure."

Wife: "Yes, John, dear, all these things may be good, but there is nothing like this tonic my grandmother used to make of vinegar, sulphur, benzine, sugar, zinc rust, and cobwebs. Now take some, darling."

The Cost of a President.

THE people of the United States pay \$21,400 per year for a President. A village of 614 people pays about four shillings.

The salary of the President is \$10,000, but in addition to this the nation pays \$8,800 for his private secretary, clerks, messengers, and other assistants; \$3,200 for furniture and repairs; \$600 for fuel; and for the greenhouse \$800.

Thus the incidentals come to considerably more than the President's salary.

This seems a large sum, but no other nation of consequence gets along so cheaply. The President of the French Republic gets a salary of \$24,000, and an allowance of \$6,500.

As a set off against these sums, it is a notable fact that the President of the Swiss Republic has an annual income of £600, while the little Andorra Republic—the smallest in the world—is governed for about £3 per annum.

"SEE the effect of drink!" cried the orator. "An empty home, an empty pocket."
"And worse of all," added an inebriate in the back row, "an empty bottle."

"ALMOST all De Fouilleton's work is so disjointed. His essays are always broken up by lines of stars. What's the sense of that?"

"They indicate the places where he dipped his pen into the gum bottle, and stopped abruptly to make a few remarks. The stars represent the remarks."

"WHAT I like," she said, "is a person who is frank—one who says just what he means without beating about the bush."

"Well, then," he replied, "I'll be straightforward. There is something I wanted to tell you for an hour or more, but—"

"Yes," she urged, seeing that he hesitated. "What is it?"

"There is a big black streak down one side of your nose. I think it's soot."

WHAT NEW YORK PATROL WAGGONS CAN DO.

AN INSTITUTION WE OUGHT TO HAVE OVER HERE.

OUT of a snowstorm in New York come many things not usually seen. They are not altogether storm-apparatus, but a heavy fall of snow is what makes them busiest. If all the 'buses and cabs in London were to stop running at the same moment, it would not cause more inconvenience than a block on the surface railroads of New York; therefore every precaution is taken to keep them open.

The snow has hardly begun to appear on the streets before the ploughs are put upon the tracks. They are drawn by cable, or by electricity, or by horse-power, according to the systems over which they are employed. So ponderous are these ploughs that eight or ten horses are required to draw them; and even in a raging blizzard you are compelled to turn and stare at the sight of such a big team as this flashing by at a trot.

Ploughs of two shapes are used, one with a monstrous wedge in front, and the other with a slanting scraper beneath the car. The former is only used when the snow is accumulating with great rapidity. Three, four, and sometimes as many as five, men ride on the trucks, which move always at a very high rate of speed, throwing immense clouds of powdery snow into the air.

After them follows a car with large wire brushes about four feet in length placed slantingwise between the wheels. It is a big affair painted yellow, sometimes open, and occasionally having a sort of hut on the truck for the shelter of the crew. The bristles of the brushes are of great length, and made of a flexible wire. Rotating, as they do, at a high rate of speed they sweep along in a misty envelope of snow dust. And last in the procession comes a third truck making more noise than either of its forerunners as it sprinkles sand on the rails in order to afford some grip to the car-wheels.

However, none of these emergency things are so interesting as the patrol waggons. These are in use from one year's end to the other, but their busiest time is during the course of a big storm. They are established for the purpose of keeping the tracks clear. No matter what the impediment is, they go out to remove it; will take heroic measures in order to prevent the traffic from being stopped. In appearance they resemble the waggons of the Salvage Corps in London, and as the drivers usually send their horses along at full gallop and ring a bell, as the fire-engines do, to make a way through the other vehicles, the majority of even New Yorkers imagine that they are connected in some way with the fire department. This false impression is heightened by the fact that these waggons are very often to be seen going to the scene of a fire. However, the reason for this is that precautions have to be taken to prevent any line of cars being stopped by fire hose that may be laid across the streets.

There are about one hundred of these patrol waggons stationed in different parts of the city. Their quarters are usually the power-houses of the various railway companies, and the horses, unlike those of the fire department, are always ready harnessed day and night. Along all cable and electric car routes are alarm boxes. The moment a breakdown occurs, an alarm is sent in to headquarters and transmitted thence to the district station.

It takes only a second for the driver to spring to his seat and for his crew to swing up behind. Altogether a fine sight, this patrol turn-out, though not attempting to rival the work of the fire-department.

The waggon is provided with a stock of tools, ropes, crowbars, and other emergency appliances. Some of these bars are eight feet and more in length, and the tools are of all kinds, from axes and saws to gimlets. The patrol men never know exactly what sort of job they have got to tackle. Sometimes the trouble will be a car that has broken down temporarily, and has to be repaired on the spot; at other times a broken axle or some other serious defect will make it necessary to lift the whole car bodily from the rails out of the way of the others.

Then all the break-down tackle is called into play—pulleys, ropes, crow-bars, levers, and in spite of everything the work is only done by inches. It usually occupies half-an-hour to remove a car to a street-side.

Besides their own cars, the patrol men will clear anything else off the track which has broken down and is stopping the traffic. If a coal waggon, or heavily laden cart has collapsed, they are not concerned with effecting repairs, but they lose no time in getting it out of the way, and with every kind of lever at their disposal, it does not take long.

In the event of a big fire the patrol men are kept at work to a pretty lively tune. The firemen, of course, wait to ask no one's leave in the matter of laying their hose, and they will often cross the car-lines in several places, putting an absolute stop to the traffic. The patrol men, however, set to work and build low temporary bridges over the hose. All the material necessary for this purpose is carried in the waggon.

The more you study that waggon the more astounded you are to find how much it contains. It is perfectly equipped. The men in charge are prompt, and, what adds to their value, ingenious. They use their brains. Whatever happens you may depend on the patrol men to straighten matters up.

—“So Slow Sewing by Hand.”

Then compete for the Singer Sewing Machine offered (with 99 other prizes) in the Spring Double Number of HOME NOTES.

Questions Worth Answering.

REPLIES.

4432. How is it that Prairies, though Fertile, Level and Well-watered, are Entirely Treeless?

It is due to the peculiar nature of the soil, and especially to its exceeding fineness. The particles of typical prairie soil are so minute and lie so close together that they completely shut out the access of air necessary to the roots of trees or any deeply-rooted vegetation, and so effectually check the growth of anything beyond the surface vegetation like grass, cereals, etc. In the prairie states of North America, rain and other atmospheric agencies, by percolation and otherwise, are constantly refining the calcareous deposits which extend over a large part of the Mississippi valley, and besides this the streams and rivers carry only the finest mud from the hills to the low-lying level extended plains below. On the hill slopes where the soil is not so fine, and in some parts where gravelly patches occur, we find trees abundant and thriving. That it is fineness of soil which is fatal to tree growth is strikingly proved in South East Russia where the limits of the black earth—a remarkably fine soil—are almost exactly identical with the treeless region. In other districts lake beds filled up by the accumulated layers of fine sediment are also treeless for the same reason. In these latter, as in the American prairies and the black earth districts of Russia, thriving grain crops proved the fertility of the soil. Mr. Hall's "Report on the Geological Survey of the State of Iowa" appears to dispose of the theory that the treelessness of prairie lands is due to constant fires.

4433. Which Englishman's Death during the Last Fifteen Years is now Felt to be the Greatest Loss to us?

Undoubtedly that of General Gordon, who fell a victim to the hesitation resulting from party squabbles of rival politicians, and was murdered in Khartoum in January, 1885. Gordon died just when his country was beginning to understand how great a man he was. What further triumphs he would have won had he not been sacrificed to political trifling, cannot now be estimated. It is, however, quite certain that had he lived and been adequately supported there would have been no bombardment of Alexandria, no Mahdism, and, therefore, no need either for the lapse of the Sudan into barbarism or for its costly if brilliantly achieved second conquest. In fact the Sudan would now probably be a civilised and well-ordered country. Then, again, in China Gordon would in all probability have been able to checkmate those Russian intrigues in the Far East, the success of which will probably bear bitter fruit for us in the future. No Englishman ever seemed to understand Oriental races as Gordon did, especially as an organiser and leader. In this capacity alone his loss to the British Empire must be considered as quite irreparable.

4437. Is it Possible to Hear Cold?

Science tells us that heat and cold only affect the rate at which the molecules which compose all bodies move. If a body or a gas be at a very low temperature, then the vibrations of its molecules will be much slower than when it is at a high temperature. Even, however, at the lowest temperatures at which human beings could exist, the frequency of the vibrations, being some millions of millions per second, is in pitch far higher than the highest audible note, which is generally put at a frequency of 70,000 per second. The lowest temperature that scientists have been able to get is by liquefying hydrogen; but even liquid hydrogen has a temperature of about fifty degrees above the absolute zero of temperature, and therefore the note it must emit is still far too high to be audible to human ears. If, however, we could cool a body down to within two or three degrees of the absolute zero of temperature, then it is

highly probable that we could hear the note which it emits. Of course, sounds are heard more clearly, more distinctly, and more rapidly in cold weather than in hot, but this is due to the greater density of the air making it a better medium for sound, and not to any intrinsic quality of cold itself. Dr. G. C. Whipple, of Brooklyn, has invented a telephone apparatus which makes differences of temperature electrically audible. Lieut. Peary has taken one of these with him on his last expedition.

4438. Which is the Most Curious Auction on Record?

Sooner or later everything appears bound to find its way to the auction room, and it is difficult to select the most curious lot ever offered out of a miscellaneous collection ranging from mummified Pharaohs to active volcanoes; and including such a varied assortment of articles as the Roman Empire, a city, a diamond mine for 3s. 9d., and a wife for a shilling—to mention only a few articles that have been actually offered. But perhaps the most singular of all was the purchase of a slave by the congregation in Plymouth Church, United States, where the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher practically played the part of the auctioneer. A girl had been previously sold at a high price, and unless a higher bid could be obtained to redeem her, she was doomed to go South into slavery. She sat in a seat before the preacher, and his eloquent appeal on her behalf resulted in bids being made by the members of the congregation to buy her freedom. Watches from the men, jewellery from the women were freely offered for the purpose, and at last the necessary amount was assured by one man promising to make up any deficiency. This is surely unique among curious auctions.

4440. What is the Most Remarkable Mistake Made in a Famous Modern Novel which no Critic has yet Pointed out?

A sufficient answer might be found in that very widely read novel "Robert Elsemere." During the scene in which Robert reveals the true state of his belief, or unbelief, to his wife, he shuts the drawing-room window and draws the blind down. After he has taken her away to her bed-room overcome by the dreadful tidings, he "paused awhile before the open window," and falls into a reverie. This may be only a slip; but there is a mistake in Hall Caine's "Christian" which has so far not been noticed by the critics, which is much more glaring than this. Mr. Caine calls John Storm "the Honourable," though he is the son of a younger son who was not a peer, and although his uncle, the Minister, outlives both himself and his father. Mr. Caine also makes John Storm a priest of the Church of England without first making him a deacon; but both this and the amazing mistake in the death-bed marriage service have been noticed by critics. What no one, however, does seem to have noticed is, that if Mr. Caine was right in John Storm's honorary title, Glory must have been a peeress after his death.

4439. What was Probably the Origin of our Consular System?

The modern system of consuls began in the Middle Ages. In the eleventh century, the merchants of the cities of the Mediterranean already had officers called by this name, who settled disputes which arose among the merchants in the course of business. When bodies of merchants from the same place went for purposes of business to live in the Eastern parts of the Mediterranean, an officer of this kind generally went with them. In time, the residence and warehouses of these officers came to have an "extra-territorial" and privileged character, like those of ambassadors, and in times of disturbance were often used as places of safe deposit for their countrymen's goods. It is easy to see how these officers gradually came to represent, first the merchants and their country, and then for their country itself for commercial purposes. At one time they had many privileges of ambassadors, but these were gradually withdrawn when resident ambassadors became the rule, though even now they still hold good in some semi-civilised countries. The earliest appointment of a consul under that name by the English Government seems to have been that of Lorenzo Strozzi, who was appointed English consul in Italy by Richard III. in 1485.

4441. Is there any European Country which still Sets an Official Price on the Heads of Poisonous Reptiles?

The Tyrol is the only country in Europe where the Government pays head-money for the extermination of poisonous snakes. Last year no fewer than 967 heads were sent in to claim the modest reward of about two pence each, which is offered by the Landtag at Innsbruck; but as the peasants are ignorant of natural history, or hopeful of illicit gains, 870 harmless specimens were added to the spoils. Professor Della Torre, however, is now employed to discriminate between the noxious and innocuous ophidians, so that fraud is scarcely possible. Three-fourths of the dangerous reptiles come from the Italian districts, the neighbourhood of Roveredo contributing the largest share.

4442. Which is the Most Celebrated Speech Made by a Woman?

The speech of Boadicea to her tribesmen before her last fight with the Romans, although it was doubtless uttered, is familiar to us rather through the imagination of the poet Cowper, than through historical transmission. This fact, certainly so far as our own history is concerned, leaves the speech of Queen Elizabeth to her troops at Tilbury as the best answer to the question. Her words, "I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, yet I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England, too, and think it foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms," formed one of those utterances which go straight to the heart of a people. Certainly no speech ever delivered by a sovereign roused such enthusiasm in the hearts of the people as it did. Next in importance would come the dramatic speech delivered by Maria Theresa in Latin before the Diet of Presburg, when, holding her infant son in her arms, she appealed to the patriotism and chivalry of the Hungarian nation and placed her fortunes in its hands. The answer of the Diet is equally historical: "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa." In another sense, one of the most famous speeches ever delivered by a queen was certainly that in which Queen Philippa interceded with her husband for the wives of the burgomasters of Calais.

4443. Where is the Greatest Searchlight in the World?

There is no doubt that the most powerful search-light in the world is the lantern on the tower of the Cape Grisnez Lighthouse. Although this new light, which was only inaugurated on the 15th of February last is mainly intended for lighthouse work, its five successive white flashes being well-known to visitors to towns on the south-east coast of England, yet within an hour it can be converted into a search-light useful for naval defence. Its maximum candle-power, which is only used in thick weather, is three million candles, and it is stated that the penetrating power of the light is forty-eight miles in clear weather. This is an enormous advance on anything that has been hitherto done. For example, the most powerful searchlight used in the American navy belonged to the ill-fated U.S.S. *Main*, and was exhibited at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893. It had a lens thirty inches in diameter, and the electric arc was formed between very thick corrugated carbons, carrying about ten times the current used by an ordinary arc lamp; yet its candle-power was only 100,000, and it could not be seen more than twenty miles.

4446. Has the Steeple of a Church ever been the Means of Preserving a Town during a Siege?

The Cathedral Church of St. Nicolas at Newcastle-on-Tyne, possessing a very beautiful lantern or flying spire, erected by an eminent townsman in 1474, did so. In the year 1644, during the Civil War, Newcastle was besieged by the Scotch forces under General Leven, and when the Scotch commander got tired of the siege, he, knowing what great store the citizens set on the spire, threatened to turn his guns on it and batter it to pieces if the gates were not opened. The Governor of Newcastle, Sir John Morley, replied by turning all the Scotch prisoners that he had taken into the tower and telling General Leven to fire away. This device saved the town for the time being, though it did not raise the siege, which dragged on for some months longer, and ended in the surrender of the town.

QUESTIONS.

4471. If postal communication had been left open to private enterprise, should we now be enjoying penny postage?
4472. What book is most often quoted and least read?
4473. What English trade or profession is most largely in the hands of foreigners?
4474. Which is the earliest instance of an endowed charity?
4475. In which part of the world would a good supply of water be most valuable?
4476. What is the cause of the rapid disappearance of "private" banks?
4477. Which of the fine arts could man most easily dispense with?
4478. What is the nearest approach a comet has ever made to the earth?
4479. At which period in our history has British policy been most governed by personal considerations?
4480. Is there any instance of a religious persecution proving successful?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must be sent to the Editor's name and address. We shall select the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his can or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any part of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"CHOLLIE told me he was burning with ambition, but between you and me, I think he is too green to burn."
"Yes, Chollie might appropriately be called a fire-proof flat."

HEAD OF FIRM: "Have you an excuse for missing the train this morning, sir?"
Penwiper (a suburbanite): "Yes, sir. I came in with my wife."

"MADAM, you've already overdrawn your account."
"What's that?"
"You haven't any more money in the bank."
"The idea! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else."

FIRST BURGLAR: "Did you see the 'ad' uv that big jewellery house? I wish I could break in there some night."

Second Burglar: "Well, if you do, you might leave some word mentionin' the name uv the paper where you saw the 'ad.'"

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40 TO 44 MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C. General Manager and Secretary.

They didn't buy HOME NOTES in the household where the wife used soap to wash the salad.

WHERE RULERS BANK.

SHOWING WHAT ROYALTY DOES AND HAS DONE WITH ITS MONEY.

ECONOMY, or "pinching," as it is sometimes familiarly called, is not confined to people born in the average station of life, for there are many notable instances of economy and thrift among the Royalties of Europe. Here are a few examples:

During the forty-four years that the late Empress of Austria enjoyed the large income allowed her by the State she habitually lived well within it, notwithstanding her reputed eccentricity; indeed, it showed her wisdom. In the early part of her married life her savings were invested in real estate in the suburbs of Vienna, the land then unbuilt upon being now covered with houses increasing its value a hundred-fold. Nearly the whole of the vast fortune realised in this way was judiciously invested in London stocks, her business on this side being carried through for her by the Bank of England, in whose books appeared for many years a sum of money to her credit, amounting to considerably over a million.

Unfortunately, there is at the present time an acrimonious discussion going on between her late Majesty's executors, the Austrian embassy, the British Foreign Office, and the law officers of the British Crown, respecting the disposal of the Empress's money, the authorities on this side refusing to give it up till the death or succession duties are paid. The management of the Bank of England is, meanwhile, powerless to act.

Our Revenue department claims the fees on the amount of the property on the authority of the very recent decision of the House of Lords, which sets forth that bonds, stock, and other property belonging to a foreigner domiciled abroad cannot be placed at the disposal of executors after death until the will has been admitted to probate by the English courts and the succession duties (amounting to as much as 7 per cent.) have been paid on the estate.

The Mother-Queen of Spain is another of the economical Royal ladies whose saving propensities and custom of banking her savings with the Bank of England are responsible in a great measure for her present unpopularity among, at all events, a certain section of her son's subjects.

Like the other monarchs whose names we have mentioned, Queen Christina is confident that no other national bank in the world provides that almost absolute immunity against possible loss like the bank which transacts the business of the wealthiest empire of the world—the British Empire. Her Majesty, doubtless reasonably suspicious of apparent possibilities, is in the habit of sending a confidant at various times all the way from Madrid to London for the purpose of "paying in."

Other monarchs, more free from the cynosure of observing eyes, transmit their bonds and securities, as a rule, through their respective embassies. Although Queen Christina is entitled to draw from the Spanish treasury one million pesetas (about £40,000) yearly, yet she has not, owing to the straitened circumstances of Spain, drawn a penny of this money.

It is well known that the Papal court is very wealthy, but while the Pope is usually credited with the possession of some millions, yet his holding is only nominal, the vast sums comprising the papal treasury mainly going towards the payment of the liabilities incurred by the numerous ecclesiastical foundations throughout the world. The residue, though, is princely in itself, and this in the time of the late Pontiff was invested in securities which were also held by the Bank of England, and it is assumed that Leo XIII. has followed in the wake of his predecessor.

The King and Queen of Italy, too, are careful, and economise as much as they can, and while, perhaps, the best portion of their joint savings are invested at home, not an inconsiderable part finds its way to the City of London, where it is invested in sound holdings that realise for the Royal couple a nice addition to their income.

The late Tsar was another very thrifty and economical royal personage who, at his death, had over a million to his credit at the Bank of England. The bulk of this, however, was left to the Princess of Wales, to whom he was deeply attached.

Sir William Harcourt, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time, agreed, after pressure on the part of the Russian Embassy, to remit the succession duties, which the Revenue authorities had claimed, on the grounds stated, as members of the Royal family are entirely exempted from taxes of all kinds. In this case, however, even if the money had not been left to a member of our Royal family, it is doubtful whether the Revenue authorities would have succeeded in their claim, as at that epoch the Lords had not given their final judgment on the question of succession duties in relation to monies of foreigners domiciled abroad.

Alexander II., grandfather of the present Tsar, was another monarch who "pinched" in order to provide at his death a large sum of money for the comfort of his morganatic wife and her children. He deposited in her name at the Bank of England no less than £4,000,000, to which fortune the lady and her family duly succeeded.

The Tsar banked that money in this country, firmly

convinced that in no other institution in the world would this large fortune be more secure either from seizure by his successors on the throne or from disappearance through the collapse of the bank.

Had this money been placed in the Bank of France, or in the national banking establishments in any other country, say, Austria, Germany, or Holland, the local registration of a decree of injunction obtained by the Russian Crown would have been sufficient to debar the widowed lady from touching the money destined for her use. But Alexander well knew that once the money had been credited in her name in our national bank the setting in motion of any complex legal machinery for depriving her of it would have been fruitless and a sheer waste of energy.

The Emperor Frederick only reigned three months, but in that short time he was able to place to the credit of his English wife, the Empress Frederick, a fairly comfortable sum he had saved, on the interest of which principally the Empress finds living easy.

When the late Napoleon III. found that his throne was tottering in the latter part of 1869 and in the spring of 1870, he had the wit to place his savings, which were considerable, notwithstanding that he was considered lavish in his expenditure generally, in the Bank of England in the name of the Empress Eugénie, and it is due to this precaution that the ex-Empress remains to-day one of the wealthiest of Royal widows.

The present Sultan of Turkey may have wild notions on the question of humanity, and its bearings on matters connected with his throne and person, and fearless though he is in many things that affect his government, he is, nevertheless, apprehensive that there is nothing sure or safe in this life, so he, too, saves, cautiously dropping his savings in all sorts of hiding places in Constantinople. He is also shrewd enough, in case the latter are discovered at any time, to send vast sums to London, but he looks askance at fluctuating stocks, and consequently prefers the deposit system.

The Khedive, too, sends all his savings to London; in fact, there is hardly a ruler of any importance who fails to send his over-plus income for investment in British securities in connection with and governed by the Bank of England, excepting the greatest monarch of them all, namely, our own Queen, who, curious to say, does not place her money with our national bank, but with Coutts'.

Not to be Surrendered.

It was in Bradford. An old man was about to step in front of a steam tram going at full speed, when a hand seized him and flung him back. It was a narrow shave, and as soon as the old man realised it he extended his hand to his rescuer and exclaimed:

"You have saved my life, and I can never repay the debt!"

"I deserve no thanks," was the modest reply.

"But you deserve more than thanks. I am a rich man, and I want to give you some substantial token of my gratitude. Here—let me write you a cheque for—"

"I couldn't accept anything—really, I couldn't," protested the other, "but there is something you might do for me all the same."

"Speak and it shall be done."

"You are a rich man, and I know you by name. I am secretary of the Gas Company. Every month when you come in to pay your bill you make a tremendous row for half an hour, and declare that we are highway robbers. If you would only agree—"

"Not to make a row over my gas bill. Never, sir, never! You saved my life, and I am ready to draw you a cheque for £10,000, but as for foregoing a privilege granted only to free-born Britons, I can't surrender it—couldn't do it if you saved my life a dozen times over!"

TENANT: "But does the chimney always smoke like this?"

Landlord: "Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate."

"It must be hard to lose one's mind," said the thoughtful man.

"It ought to be easy if your head is cracked," said the funny man.

WHEN you see a sour-faced woman sifting ashes on the icy pavement, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race, or hates the new carpet of her next-door neighbour.

"My way is dark and lonely," hummed the grocer, as he finished tying up a package of sugar.

"Perhaps your weigh may be lonely," remarked the customer, "but I should say it's light enough."

KIND OLD MAN: "Are you hurt, little boy?"

Boy (crying): "Naw!"

Kind Old Man: "Lost a penny?"

Boy: "Naw! Didn't have any."

Kind Old Man: "Get a whipping?"

Boy: "Naw!"

Kind Old Man: "Then what are you crying for?"

Boy: "Wanted ter see who'd be th' first donkey ter ask that question."

DEATH IN DOUBLE BOTTOMS.

FACTS CONCERNING THE INTERIORS OF SHIPS NOT KNOWN TO EVERYBODY.

SEEN and interviewed by P.W., a naval officer high in authority said: "There is one phase of ship life that is scarcely known to the landsman, and one which he can hardly realise as he gazes upon the surface of a modern vessel and admires its attractive cleanliness—that is, what goes on in the double-bottom of a ship."

"Not only are the parts of a ship seen by the eye kept scrupulously clean and free from rust and decay, but also those far down at the bottom of a ship—places that never see the light of day and that half a ship's company may not see more than once or so. Now, these spaces include the cellular compartments between the inner and outer skins of a ship, technically known as the 'double bottom,' and other out-of-the-way places that separate the magazines and various built-up structures in and about that region of a ship. Examination of the iron and steel parts of a vessel is always going on systematically, for corrosion of metal parts so easily sets in that it is necessary for a sharp eye to be always on the look-out for weak spots."

"This close examination of a ship's parts was enforced by the Admiralty through the fate which befell H.M.S. *Megara*, which vessel was lost in June, 1871, through corrosion having set in and eaten the ship's bottom away causing her to spring a leak which, of course, nobody could stop."

"A rule now obtains that nearly every ship built principally of metal, if it does not carry a little inspecting party of its own, is subjected to constant examination by a party picked by the captain and engineered by an engine-room artificer."

"Most ships, however, carry their own bottom party, their duty being to critically examine everything, suggest remedies for evils that exist, and to report periodically to the Admiralty through the commanding officer."

"Well, uniforms are discarded while making these inspections. Numerous precautions have to be taken to avoid the risk of losing life, for right inside the double-bottom there lurks the element of danger."

"There is in many cases only room enough for you to crawl through, and the smell of the red-lead with which the men paint the surface of the metal is so strong that lead-poisoning is not an infrequent result, and often fatal."

"No one is allowed to penetrate the regions indicated without an uncovered light, usually a candle, which decides by its feeble or strong light whether there is a sufficient supply of oxygen present to warrant a human being venturing in."

"If the light be feeble and dim, it proves that the presence of oxygen is represented by a scanty supply, and it would be dangerous for you to enter."

"In tight corners of many vessels, men are stationed at places so as to be in readiness to assist the exploring man should he be in distress and calling out for help."

"In addition to the bare candle-light, it is usual now for an inspecting party to take through with them a portable electric light, to render the inspection more thorough."

"It is rare that a life is actually lost in the exercise of this examining duty, but there have been many narrow squeaks. It not infrequently happens that officers and men—by officers is meant, of course, engineer officers—become so wedged between bulkheads and beams while on duty as to make it extremely difficult to remove them."

"Do I know of any accident where a man has lost his life? I certainly know of one. One of the boilers of a vessel on a certain station had been closed down during her stay there. Now when a boiler is not working it must either be filled with water to the top or else be quite emptied and made air-tight, either way preserving the interior from deterioration. As boilers have to be thoroughly examined internally now and again, it occurred to the mind of an attendant that this ship's big boiler should be examined."

"He removed an upper manhole plate and crawled in upon the braces with an electric light. He told no one that he was going into the boiler, and no one was stationed to assist him in case of need."

"His dead body was found half out and half in the boiler manhole. As soon as he got inside he found there was no oxygen, he felt a faintness creeping over him, and had endeavoured to regain the open air, but lost consciousness just at the moment he reached the manhole."

"Talking of boilers, there is always a more or less condition of danger attending their examination. Cold, as you know, contracts the body, while heat expands it. I know of half-a-dozen cases where engineers have had narrow escapes through entering, while feeling cold, disused or standing boilers."

"When they have got inside the flues and crawled a certain distance, their bodies have expanded, causing the men to become wedged in, and creating an enormous difficulty in getting them out again. In one case I remember that the side-flues had to be taken down to rescue a man who had got stuck inside."

"Easter Eggs and How to Make and Decorate Them" will also be found in the Double Spring Number of HOME NOTES.

DOUGHT THE GOVERNMENT TO PROHIBIT COMPETITIONS?

THIS IS WHAT WE THINK ABOUT THE MATTER.

EVERYONE who is old enough to know is aware that during the last five-and-twenty years, a period which for all practical purposes is that during which the Education Act has been in force, an entirely new form of journalism, undreamt of before the beginning of the present generation, has come into existence.

It was first received with ridicule, not unmixed with contempt, as many other good things have been in their time.

The older journalism looked upon it, and, even to this day in some cases, continues to regard it as an interloper, a sort of free rover, working without any regard to the traditions which had even then passed out of date, and sometimes in open defiance of them. But gradually the new journalism, or perhaps it would be more correct to call it the new periodical literature, began to make a definite place for itself, and thereby proved that it was wanted.

Now anything that the public wants the public is going to have, if it can only pay for it. That is an axiom which is absolutely true throughout the whole range of commercial life. There is literally no exception to it. The public wanted the new periodical literature. It was prepared to pay for it, and it had it. It has it now because it buys it to the extent of millions and millions of copies a week, and many hundreds of thousands of more costly copies a month. Hence it is perfectly justifiable to conclude that the new periodical literature has, to use a somewhat hackneyed journalistic expression, come to stay.

But there is another axiom in the commercial world which also has no exception to it. Success is the parent of imitation—sometimes also of improvement—and where you have imitation you must also have competition.

It so happens, however, that the new periodical literature has given two meanings to this word competition. There is the healthy, and, therefore, perfectly legitimate competition between the different firms whose speciality is this kind of literature. The enterprise which invests capital to the best advantage, which advertises in the most skilful and most striking ways, which employs the best and smartest brain-power that can be got, which discovers new roads into public favour—the true El Dorado of to-day—striking departures from the old beaten tracks; a comprehensive view of the possibilities of human endeavour, which literally embraces the uttermost ends of the earth, and everything that can be done within the thirty-two points of the compass, to say nothing of wider excursions beyond them into the realms of imagination.

In this sense of the word there can be no competition between such periodicals as is not entirely healthy and proper from every point of view, moral as well as commercial. It is a case of the best brains and the best enterprise, which, after all, comes to very much the same sort of thing, winning in the end; and, as every Anglo-Saxon is at heart a good sportsman, this is an argument which must meet with practically universal endorsement.

But very unfortunately, not only for the new literature, but also for that public which buys it, the keenness of competition for the big prizes which have been won, and are doubtless still to be won, along the line of this new enterprise, has given birth to another form of competition—a form which even those who are most deeply interested in it would be the first to confess is not legitimate either in the moral or the commercial sense of the term.

On first principles any form of journal or periodical ought to depend for its prosperity upon the quality of the wares which it offers to its purchasers, just as a business house of another kind must ultimately depend for its success upon the intrinsic excellence of the goods which it offers for sale; but, after all, publishers are only human beings, and publishing firms, like any others, however good their intentions may be, are not entirely worked on philanthropic principles. They will do all the good they can, and some of them have done a very great deal of good quite outside their commercial province; but primarily it must be confessed that they are run to earn money and pay dividends.

It is here that the second and meretricious kind of competition comes in. There is ingrained in the very fibres of Anglo-Saxon humanity an ineradicable love of gambling. It is, in cold fact, that which has made the race what it is; because no man, whatever his race or nation, ever did anything good or great, who was not prepared to risk something, his money, his reputation, or his life, on the doing of it. This is an entirely human sentiment, and, like every other human sentiment, it has its good and its bad side, or perhaps it might be more just to say, its better and its worse side, and unhappily it is the worst side of this sentiment that the new periodical literature has been compelled to appeal to.

The word "compelled" is used advisedly. Those who are in command of these enterprises are, with few exceptions, honourable, straightforward men, who would dispense with every meretricious aid to success if they

could; but, at the same time, they are hard-headed clear-sighted men of business—they have got to be so; or they would very soon cease to be what they are; and, therefore, so long as any of them make commercial use of that gambling spirit which is instinct in average humanity for the purpose of increasing their circulations, all the rest have got to do the same thing in one form or another, or fall behind in the procession.

All this is so strangely true that it seems hardly worth setting down, but there remains the fact that, as human nature is at present constituted, it would be absurd to expect the conductor of any periodical of this class to stop one sort of competition and content himself with the other sort unless he was quite sure that his rivals would do the same. Anything like an agreement to stop prize competitions and to compete upon the basis of sheer merit for public favour is distinctly impossible, since, as has been said before, editors and managing directors are only human beings.

There remains, then, the question whether or not a higher power should intervene and make all competitions into which the element of chance enters in any degree illegal.

The plain commonsense view of the matter appears to be this: Is gambling in its widest sense—that is to say the employment of luck or skill or capital for the deliberate purpose of gaining an increase of fortune not earned by actual labour—to be legal or illegal?

There is only one constituted authority in this country which can decide this question one way or the other, and that is the High Court of Parliament, and surely it would only be consistent with the oft-repeated boast as to Anglo-Saxon commonsense that it should be decided one way or the other.

Over and over again learned judges, reading more or less of their own common sense into vaguely-worded Acts of Parliament, have tried to draw that line between "skill" and "chance," which, if it only could be drawn, would divide the illegal from the legal competition. With all due respect to them, it may be said that they have achieved no other success than the somewhat dubious one of stultifying each other's judgments.

For instance, a few years ago it was lawful to wind up a watch, seal it in an envelope, lock it in a safe, and offer a thousand pounds to the person who guessed the hour, minute, and second at which the watch stopped. If that had been unlawful then, at least one of the publishing firms which have most conspicuously thriven on the new literature would not now be in existence.

It is now unlawful to publish a sentence in which one word has been left out, and to offer a prize for the correct filling-in of the blank, just as it is illegal for the editor of a journal to ask his readers to take the weather forecasts for the past month, and offer a money prize for the nearest prediction of the weather for the following week. Yet, curiously enough, the law of the land has undergone no alteration whatever in this respect. The competitions are legal or illegal, just as a particular judge may determine.

From this, and from much more which might be cited, the inference surely is that Parliament should pronounce, one way or the other, as to the legality of competitions into which the element of chance enters in any degree. If it is lawful for a morning or an evening newspaper to publish, not only the odds at which horses stand for a given race, but also tips for that race written by a correspondent whose employment depends upon the average accuracy with which he guides readers in their betting, then surely it cannot be unlawful, even if it be illegal, to offer prizes in competitions into which the element of chance enters much less largely than it does into that most uncertain of all gambles—horse racing.

It is safe to say that there is not a single editor of a respectable and responsible publication who would not be only too glad to banish all these competitions from his journal if he could only do it without committing commercial suicide. At present that is not possible, partly because the law is so unevenly and, therefore, so unjustly administered, and partly because the High Court of Parliament has never seemed to think it worth its while to put the Lottery Acts into an intelligible and common-sense form, which an editor of average mental capacity could read and understand without the assistance of Her Majesty's counsel learned in the law—who themselves appear to be prepared to argue just as eloquently one way as the other as to whether a given competition is a lottery or not.

It is perfectly well known that the General Post Office, with its telegraphic and postal-order systems, is the greatest gambling agency the world has ever seen. It is also the best paying of all the Government Departments. It is, in fact, known as the Government "milk cow." Every member of the Government knows this perfectly well. Is it, therefore, too much to ask that these right honourable gentlemen should say once for all whether the class of competitions here referred to should be authoritatively stopped or not? P.W. has run the biggest competition of this sort ever heard of, and many others that would take a great deal of beating, and P.W., in the plenitude of its experience, emphatically says that they ought never to have been allowed, and that, in the interests of both publishers and readers, they ought to be immediately stopped. The Government has only to show the way, and P.W. will lead it.

Out of Dickie's Diary.

ONE day Billie, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy, was playing by a puddle, and Billy he said: "Now, Sammy, let's play we was a barnyard. You be a pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like anything."

So they got down on their hands and kners, and Sammy he got in the mud and wollerred, while Billy bellerred like distant thunder. By-and-by Sammy came out muddy—you never saw such a muddy little feller—and said:

"Now you be the pig and let me beller." But Billy said, "I ain't a very good pig before dinner, and it'll be time 'nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close."

In Future.

GREAT GENERAL: "We must not forget to see that the preparations are complete for the official investigation that will follow this battle. Are the men who have been detailed to act as witnesses posted at the proper stations, with blank affidavits?"

Aide: "They are, General."

Great General: "Are the cyclometers on the gun-carriages in perfect order?"

Aide: "They are."

Great General: "Are the self-registering time dials properly set?"

Aide: "They are in perfect readiness, General."

Great General: "Is the man with the kinetoscope all ready?"

Aide: "He is, General."

Great General: "Then give orders for the brigade to advance!"

Modest Requirement.

THE surgeon of a certain regiment of foot is noted for his flowery language, which never fails, even under the most trying circumstances.

Like many of his profession, he is not treated at all times with the courtesy due to his military rank.

On one occasion, during a "camp of exercise," when accommodation was somewhat limited, and some of the officers were sharing tents, the colonel appropriated the surgeon's tent for a mess table, without the formality of stating his intentions.

The surgeon sent a complaint to the general in command, in which he said: "I have not so much as a fly to interpose between my head and the star-decked heavens above me."

This document went through the usual routine, and was at last returned to the surgeon, with the following endorsement:

"Colonel R. will cause a fly to interpose between the head of the complainant and the star-decked heavens above him as soon as possible."

The Lost Art of Chewing.

MASTICATION is rapidly becoming a lost art, and although we are now hardened to the fact that three-fourths of the dyspepsia is due to this cause, it might surprise some of us to know that the early decay of the teeth and disease of the gums are hastened by this same lack of maxillary exercise.

A disease of the gums called Rigg's disease, which is every day becoming more common, is caused almost entirely by the want of proper mastication.

Twenty-five years ago this trouble was not considered of importance by the dentist on account of its rare occurrence.

To-day it is given more care than the decay of the teeth, as he is frequently consulted by patients who have a full set of natural teeth which are quite loose in the jaw.

Apart from this, they are sound and healthy. After a certain development in the disease, nothing can be done to help them.

By lack of exercise the blood, which should nourish both the bones and the gums, is not carried to the part, nor does the blood carry sufficient material to the teeth; hence the enamel formed is defective, and early decay results.

Frequently, too, the mechanical development of the jaw is arrested by this same want of motion.

Among the earlier races defects of the jaw and teeth were almost unknown. In examining the skulls of thousands of Indians, early Britons and Chinese, not a single irregularity of the jaw is found, and the teeth that are present are sound and well formed.

The food which they lived on, such as roots, herbs, corn and uncooked meats, required a good deal of chewing in order to prepare it for the changes to follow, and as a result the muscles of the jaw were dense and hard, the bones well developed and compact, the teeth large, regular and firm.

Most of the food among the better class of people to-day is cooked so as to require very little mastication, and the consequence is that the muscles have become flabby, the jaws slender, and the processes for the attachment of the muscles almost obliterated.

A gratis Fashion Supplement of sixteen pages will be presented with it (in which every pattern will be free) and the paper pattern of a blouse will be found within every copy.

SERIAL STORY.

COLD STEEL.

By M. P. SHIEL.

A story of "Prince Zaleski," "Empress of the Earth," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HENRY AND FRANCIS.

But it was a day of embassies. In five minutes another lance had formed between the camps of Francis and Henry, but down it paced in passmented velvet buskins, and gorgeous cloaks fastened with aiglets of diamonds, six French heralds, escorted by six knights with banded lances, on chargers housed and purpled in gold and ermine. And on, blowing a blare, they passed slowly to the purple pavilion, on their banner a cognizance of *fleur-de-lys*.

They bore a proposition from Francis: since the castle was strong, for what cause should not the Black Knight and the Golden amicably unite forces in its attack, up to the moment of its impending fall—in case it fell—thereupon to cease concert, and thenceforth act each for himself in the seizing of the final prize?

Henry packed back the heralds, promising reply; and in half an hour his own six, with pursuivants, accompanied by yeomen with gilt pole-axes, paced blaring through the lanes of gaps to the blazing pavilion of Francis.

Henry agreed, but added a condition: Up to the moment of impending fall, concert—each general captaining his own forces; but then, single combat between the two Knights to decide right to the possession of the fugitives; then again, disinterested concert in the taking of the stronghold.

Francis sent back the heralds, promising reply; and in half an hour his six appeared, blaring, pacing toward the camp of Henry.

He agreed. But called the attention of the Golden Knight to the fact that the Black and the Golden Knights were not the only knights having the same objects then on the field; and though the forces of those others were not magnificent, yet knightly courtesy were not wholly a dead thing in Christendom—a slap that stung the cheek of Henry to crimson. He proposed in addition: Concert between all the assembled knights up to the moment of impending fall; then single combat between the two leaders who first had arrived that morning on the field; then combat between the victor and the leader who third had arrived on the field; and so on, till each leader had fought; and the final victor should have right to the possession of the fugitives; then again, concert of all in the taking of the stronghold.

To and fro went the gaudy, solemn processions across the plain, blaring always, filling the long day with unnecessary noises. The hot afternoon sun sloped far westward. The great ensign of Francis drooped without a stir. Yonder over the stately battlements of the square donjon drooped, too, the red Broughton standard, blazoned with the House's hatchment, martlets and a patonce, without a stir. A smoke from the midst of Henry's camp galloped straight up, unrolling itself on high into a perfect Prince-of-Wales' plume, without a stir. The plain, thronged now, festered in sultry swelter. The noise of the morning had died into a low universal buzzing murmur. A bleating of sheep, and a lowing of oxen was plainly heard, during each lull of the flourished trumpets in the two camps. Ten thousand mouths gaped stupidly at the passing and blaring heralds.

For Henry had refused to recognise the other searchers; and Francis had insisted, the Frenchman's motif being partly his native amiability, and partly a pretension to a finer degree of knightly nicety than Henry's; Henry's motif a haughty disdain to enter into competition with his subjects, dogs for whom he intended, when he came to know and seize them, only the Tyburn halter. And so there arose and wrangled an angry dead-lock.

It was only toward sunset that Henry, at the earnest prayer of all his gentlemen, gave way; for Francis at that hour sent the threat to make the proposed terms with all the parties, excluding only the party of the Golden Knight; an arrangement which would have combined against Henry at the in-rush a phalanx of skilled force, fatal to his purpose. He dashed down a pen, and stamped, and yielded; for he was in frantic earnest now to have Laura Ford within his tent.

Then came more fanfares and heraldings, as the twilight deepened. Three of Francis' heralds, in solemn deputation with three of Henry's, went seeking the parties of knights. The Wolsey-gallants they found noisily drunk round the vast cave of one of the hatchmented fireplaces of old Baneleigh Tavern; and in the long-dead Abbot's oratory, lolling in the embrasure of a painted window, Fitzgerald and Bonner drunk, and Mac sipping mead. But not too drunk to apprehend and assent; for "Bravo," cried Fitzgerald, "for the Black Knight! who is as gallant a gentleman as ever stuck a horn! and long may he live, if not on earth, in heaven! for here, boysie, have I the sword he gave me, and an I chance to meet him, as is like, I'll draw it, boysie, I will!"

Fitz drew the flashing excalibur, and held it aloft.

By this time Du Bellay, Percy, and Alvarado had each received and agreed to the offers of the Kings; and there remained only the question of leadership of the united forces.

Back and forth through the now deserted plain went still the heralds, lighting the darkness with cressets and pole-torches. The Black Knight proposed the leadership to the Golden; the Golden proposed the leadership to the Black. Neither would yield, and there arose and wrangled a new dead-lock of courtesy.

Three of the smaller parties now lay in tents provided them by Francis, all well beyond artillery-range from the

battlements, except Percy, whose sentinels watched the castle-back under the shelter of forest-trees. And to all, once again, paced the loud and torch-lit herald-band on the question of leadership. The Wolsey-men and Fitz, at the tavern, slept sound; but Macdonald gave his voice for Francis; and so did all, except young Percy, who claimed Henry for general. And so Francis yielded with his smile and bow, and was leader of the siege.

Now the castle clock tolled midnight, and in the abbey-ruins many a raw-eyed ghost rose at that sound for matins; over the plain the faryelping and whining of some forlorn wolf was heard: and round the battlements the sentries walked like soldiers of wood.

At this hour, my lord Cardinal, sitting at a table, and bending his red-veined bastion of a brow over a plan of the castle and its defences, said to a livoryman:

"Bring me hither that Calvo."

Calvo and the girls had been placed in three roomy apartments intercommunicating at the castle-back behind a locked portal.

He came in ten minutes walking slow, with a push-forward of alternate shoulders, hands behind. Wolsey, now quick-stepping about the hall, presently stopped and faced the sage: from the high-tower of his bridled neck, he smiled, with pressure of his upper lip, his superior little smile of insolence.

"Now, Mr. Alchymist, you see ——" said he.

"See what, my lord of York?"

"You are my prisoner."

"I see, yes, I see. I thought you had more sense."

"How mean you?"

"Is it not rigolo for a man like me to be in such a position with respect to a man like you? Have you not yet travelled so far in thought as to know that I am a better man than your Excellency, since I see more, know more?"

"You are wrong, sir. The value of an Eye consisteth not at all in what, by much study, it hath seen, but solely in what it is capable of seeing; in other words, not knowledge, but wisdom, is the testimony of worth, and the core of greatness. Thus, you have more knowledge of chymics than I, but I more wisdom of life than you—and so have made you my prisoner, sir. Come, now!"

"With ten armed men 'tis not methinks a wisdom so vastly profound to make one man a prisoner!"

"But, by wisdom, should you have calculated that I have these ten armed men ever at command, and skill to guide them; and so should you have embraced my offer of terms when I made it you."

"I did not choose to abandon the girls, that is all."

"Are they relatives to you?"

"No, no, perfect strangers; but helpless without me."

"So? Then was pride in your single skill, and a naughty contumacy, sirrah, the causes of your resistance to my will."

"Yes, that was it, that was it, you may be sure."

"Was not my offer large and liberal?"

"Wondrous large and liberal; even for the making thereof I thank and praise you."

"Then why did you refuse?"

"I chose, that's all—I chose."

"'Twas pride—"

"Ah! that was it."

"Oh, was it not rather a good benevolence toward the maidens, meriting praise and honour—?"

"What is it you want me for, sir? I prithee, preach not to me: 'twere rigolo, verily; my heart is hard."

Wolsey stepped twice through the room; returning to Calvo he held out his hand, intending that the sage should kiss it; but Calvo languidly shook it, with forced politeness.

"I consider you honest," said Wolsey, "and my eyes are good. After this siege you may call me patron."

Calvo bowed low.

"You know that there is a siege, by the way? Archemides at the siege of Syracuse invented burning glasses and destroyed the enemies' ships for the town's-folk. May we expect something similar from you?"

Here was the real design of this interview: and Wolsey knew how to wrap his flatteries in honey. At the comparison with Archemides, Calvo was inwardly soothed and pleased; and he said:

"If I think of anything, I will tell you: and for the kind proffer of your puissant protection I really give you hearty thanks."

He bowed, and was led away, and locked behind the portal.

And with that idea of "thinking of something," he paced a long time through the three chambers of his prison, ascended by a short ladder-stair to the battlements, and there paced; descended, and paced. The three rooms were exceedingly spacious and lofty, and had once been rich, being tapestried with light sandal; but now, at one point, the flooring was decayed, and repairs were in progress, for in a corner leant four or five very long planks, with a great basket of osiers containing tools and sawdust.

And suddenly Calvo, looking at the silken hangings and the long planks, stopped short and slapped his brow.

And after awhile he muttered:

"Hot air is lighter than cold—much lighter even. And why should not that fact be applied? Why not? Seeking hog-wash for the pork, I may have found mainemy-royal for myself!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIEGE.

THAT night, for several leagues round Broughton, every inn was crammed, and every village awake with revelry. From far and wide, from many a hall and manor, from many a chase and forest-side, castle and abbey, had come jaunting both lord and lady, keeper and esquire, seneschal and livoryman, tramp and yokel and friar, justice and roeve and marlist. The Bishop of Winchester, gallant prelate of the Order of the Garter, slept at Sudbury Eye; the High Sheriff of the County at Baneleigh Tavern.

For their life was easy and jocund, not hopelessly ugly and heavy; and the lust of the eye was fresh.

Even when morning broke, roads were still streaked with trains of horses jogging all toward Broughton Vale: for the fame of this joust of arms had travelled, stirring the tough and merry heart of England.

But when the sun was high the castle-plain was empty, for it was a place of danger now. Only, far back toward the tavern, was visible a region of human heads stretched out wide into innumerable vagueness.

On the plain was a rattle of the old kettle-drums named makers, pattering to arms; and bugles were calling in the air; and the battlements of the donjon were lined with men. And now down the escarpment from the outer draw-bridge came a trotting cohort to the sally-post of the barbacan, among them three of the seven castle priests, and a fourth priest, not of the castle, who carried his black-robed bulk with quick-planted step, and directed in person the defence.

An early meal was over now in the two camps; and as three batteries of eighteen pieces swept out from the French camp, and galloped with blundering row after ponderous Norman horses south-westward over the field, a battery and a half of nine pieces swept out from the camp of Henry, and galloped north-westward to meet the three. And as they met, a shower of arblast arrows from the bastions of the curtains whizzed in the air, and fell far short. So commenced the day.

And immediately from both royal camps burst two gallant arrays of horsemen, showing pennoned lances and drawn swords, cantering in unanimous phalanx, Francis and his troop raven from their floating casque-plumes to their steel shoes, and Henry's band winking gaudy as a patch of sunset on a wobbling water. And as the artillery advanced at a walk, these two troops fell in behind it, the troop of Francis containing all the small parties engaged in the quest of Laura Ford, except those watching the castle-back.

Suddenly the barbacan barked: a great stone ball from a thirty-three pounder demi-cannon plunged into the earth, and spurted gravel upon the besieging limbers thirty yards away. The artillery horses reared and plunged, and Francis behind his beaver laughed, for he liked that sound.

Down the straight-ruled front of the bristling phalanx he pricked briskly, riding with easy adeptness the choppy sea of his curvetting and caracoling charger, noting the disposition of Henry's men, where were the axes, where the pikes and carbines, and how many, and in what formation; and Henry, collared with the collar of the Garter, and all ablaze of golden points, eyed him sullenly behind his visor, gnawing his pout. And as Francis began to speak, well he knew that shrill and jocund voice.

"I propose," Francis said in syllabled English, "that we attack first the out-work, beginning with cannon, and at the just moment making dash with scaling ladders, petards, and grenades. My aim, you surmise, is not so much the barbacan itself, as the expelling of its defenders: an event which will induce the warders of the draw-bridge to lower the bridge for passage of their friends while we are yet busied on the outwork. Now, a lowered draw-bridge is the soldier's chance, as saith the proverb. Yon archers, yon halberds, yon carbines, and the left half of my front-line men, will therefore dismount, now, at the lifting of my sword; and their chargers will be led backward to picket by the rest, to yonder hillock beyond the reach of shot. There will the non-fighters stand, dismounted, to the moment when a clarion from the barbacan shall announce the defenders in retreat; and then will they spring to horse, gallop like black-riders, and grip by surprise one,—or ha!—both of the bridges at the edge of the sword. Artillery—halt! Knights and warriors—I lift my sword!"

Bustling movement followed his cry: men leaping from horses, snatching at implements, half the host cantering backward with led horses, among them Henry, keenly piqued at a post of inaction. At the same time a puff of grey left an embrasure of the barbacan, and another thirty-three pounder from a mortar's mouth arrived, almost as soon as the report, with smash and fracas upon a scaling ladder borne on a gun-carriage, crushing a gunner, and thence pitching far down the slope.

The answer was swift: the line of the assailants' artillery, now within the eight-hundred yards' effective range of its twenty-four pounder sakers, and seventeen-pounder culverins, opened, at the signal, unanimous fire; and at once it was as though there popped above-ground the broad visage of some ogre, breathing fumes, with twenty-seven bleared eye-balls of baleful flame.

The shock was almost like a single hoarse hoot—the ogre's exclamation; and in half a minute the barbacan appeared nothing but a drifting cloud of powdered stone. From the cloud, however, came voices, and spouts of fire, and balls of stone played in the air, beyond the skill of juggler's hand. Along the line of assailing cannon black-faced gunners wrought fiercely in a flutter of action, cleaning, spying into muzzles, ramming hard for life; and first done first shoot; so that now the fire was in the quavers and semi-quavers of that thundering organ-board, two notes with quick bang-bang, or three, then pause and minim, then competitive mixed howl and barking chord of many a throat, then quick semi-quaver bang-bang, in twos and threes. And suddenly yonder, half-way down the key-board of gleaming cylinders, there darted into the air a swarm of splintered metal, and flying wood, mixed with smoke and limbs of men; for a falconet, with huge hubbub and detonation, has burst as it shot, as falconets were apt to do. And of the many juggler's-balls in the air, some fall well, cracking carriages, horses and men, or plunging pebbles that shoot like pistol-shots; two swooping even among the infantry twenty yards to rear, crushing in their midst two chasms of emptiness where full hearts had beat; only Francis, riding between artillery and infantry, and anon ducking with half-playful upward glance, they cannot and must not touch; for the jealous observation of Henry is upon him.

It lasted three full hours, till the sun was hot in the forenoon; and eleven of the twenty-seven pieces of ordnance were burst, and *hors-de-combat*; twenty gunners mangled;

A charming story by Miss May Crommelin, entitled "The Admiral's Little Accident" is bound to excite attention.

the rest parched and nerveless; and the barbacan, where Wolsey was the marksman, stood whole.

Francis put hand to side, and blew the bugle-call of retreat. The two troops rode back bearing seven wounded, each to its camp; the stagnant smoke which grew like ghost-cotton from all the wide plain, thinned slowly; and the sun stole from noon to hot afternoon amid a waiting silence profound as the waiting silence of the grave.

It was broken by sudden trumpet-call from Francis' camp. This was near two.

Again swept out the two artilleries with blundering row, and the black host, and the golden, to take stand as before, in the same disposition.

And with hope: for the face of the round barbacan was now deep-eaten, and battered rough; and at the very first new round, the assailants shouted cheers, for from the top there disengaged itself a cake of battlements and fell in powder; in twenty minutes an irregular breach appeared; and Francis, tossing his bridle to a servitor, went prone, calling, inviting, with forward-pointing sword.

Then came the hot "dash," rolled all in smoke, riddled with shot, and galled with arrows, as when one urges, blinking, bitter way against storm-dashed hail. Fast now fell the fighters, as they pressed nearer and nearer within range of quarrell-headed shaft and shot of every size and form rained not only from the barbacan itself, but from the nearest of the first-curtain bastions. Backward through the on-pelting host of the assailants streamed and bickered many a flare of red—pine-torches snatched from the gun-carriages to fire the petard-fuses; and ten scaling ladders, overlying the bent and pushing phalanx, sailed steadily toward their goal; the guns, meanwhile, of both battery and barbacan still flashing in demi-semi-quaver bang-bangs or brawling chords of competitive uproars; while Francis, ever in advance, called and invited, with one prone-bent knee, and wildly pointing sword.

But though the dash was hot, and costly, and rash, the result was swift. A scalding bouillon of liquid lead thrown freely from window-slit and battlement, and ladders flung backward with all their freight, could not save. Petards and grenades, thrown through breach and over battlement, were cracking in an ear-splitting distraction of darting fury, doing red-hot execution everywhere, popping back, some of them, with shout of spouting fire upon their throwers. The erection was divided into two stories, the breach made by the cannon being in the upper; but too high for the defenders on that stage to repel the inrush from ladders placed outside that point; and at the intrusion of the shoulders of Francis, a general cry of: "*Savez qui peut!*" went up to the men on the roof. Down they rushed pell-mell, their leader among them, his face black as his robe; and after a short sword-scrimmage with three of the assailants, they contrived, all but four slain, to scuttle through the trap to the lower stage, and slam down and secure above their heads the iron slab called "peerplate."

The assailants were now swarming, all of them, over the barbacan, it being part of the ruse of Francis to leave the ground quite empty; for in the lower stage the defenders might have held out some time, if danger barred their retreat, since the sally-port was of thick iron-work. Accordingly, the assailants were set to beat upon the peerplate, as if concentrating their purpose upon it, while Francis crouched behind a battlement above. After some minutes, the sally-port opened; then followed an out-rush of the defenders; and as they rushed, the draw-bridge moved downward; and as it moved, Francis put bugle to lips.

Now was the chance of Henry. The cavalry, waiting half a mile away, spurred forward. And all the castle, from donjon to curtain, in an alarm of surprise, flew to its self-defence.

The horsemen rode therefore into a pelt of missiles which thickened continually as it advanced; but before the barbacan-men were half-way across the bridge, the knights were dashing on foot upon it, their abandoned horses ranging for the time over a plain already sown with the carcasses of man and beast. Here the assailants were not far from the two nearest first-curtain bastions, which poured in upon them a blistering fire; and now the won barbacan turned its still-acting guns against its own mother; and the assailants' artillery, too, galloped near, and talked; and all the air was a hubbub of complex war, filled with crackle, and whizz, and boom.

And still on pressed the cavaliers, fresh men against faint, Henry foremost, and after him Brandon, Nevil, and Knevet. Once, at the last moment before the portal, some of the flying barbacan-men turned sharp with cocked blunderbusses and horse-pistols, one covering with his muzzle the royal bosom. And they fired. But the weapon aimed at Henry was knocked up by a swift hand—the hand of Wolsey, who hissed only "stupid daw!" and rushed on.

The next moment the outer drawbridge was won; the warders slain; the chains axed; and since the inner remained aloft, the fugitives, after a short, unequal, and ever retreating hand-to-hand struggle against the operating axe of Henry and the knights, flung themselves down the escarpment of the inner moat, to become in the black water the target of occasional wanton missiles from the victors.

The captors of the barbacan had now descended to join in the storm. Three of the outer bastions were taken at the sword's edge, and occupied; and to defend the castle there were now left hardly forty men. After the stationing of guards, the claron of Francis blew. The castle seemed all but won. The sun was low to its setting.

On a planchette within one of the boldly-projecting machicolations near the donjon-battlements sat Bessie Ford, wide-eyed, tight-holding the hand of Laura, Laura, since she had the liberty to ascend a small stair and gain the top, could not be kept from seeing, and constantly clapped a single hand-clap. Bessie had followed to protect, though, in fact, the donjon was as yet safe from shot. She had her chin in her hand, gazing numb through all the long day's loud action and to-do. And the thought in her heart was this:

"Well, my mother! Can all this affairing be on the count of my sister Laura? Oh, my boding heart!—my heavy, boding, boding heart!"

But, as for Calvo, he was below in their three rooms, working hard, forgetting the siege, Bessie Ford, himself, and all things; full only of interest in a Thought of Nature, a New Thing which he would do with his brain.

Even as he worked, he said to himself:

"Hot air is lighter than cold."

He had cut from the long planks, leaning there, two circles of wood; and in the circumference of these he had cut regular square notches all round, and into the projecting cogs bored holes to admit a wire; then he had set to work to saw with the workmen's saw long laths of planking, and these he had cut up into limber strips an inch wide, a quarter-inch thick, very long and pliant, and warily cut, till he had eight of them. At each end of each he bored a hole through the width to admit a wire, for he had left the strips thicker at their ends; and with a stout wire taken from his bag he secured these at both ends within the notches of the two circular pieces which he had cugged and bored; he then took down the light, but strong, sandal-silk hangings, from four walls, cut them into strips, plaited them rudely, and thus got a rope some thousand yards in length; he then bored two holes in the two circular pieces, and passed the rope, largely knotted at one end, so that it could not slip, through them. By placing this immensely long double-umbrella firmly in position, and manœuvring by drawing the rope, he could now open it into a huge orange-shape.

The rooms were in a lumber of disorder due to repairs going forward, and he felt no apprehension that the shock-headed servitor who bore their meals would take active observation of his operations. Even an attempt at escape must seem, he knew, beyond all things absurd, the situation of his prison being what it was.

Toward midnight of the first day's siege he had advanced thus far in his intense and silent labours.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ARMS AND A MAN.

THE great vague crowd that had watched from a distance the first day's siege reassembled at a distance with the next fore-day.

The sun rose, and the people waited for the loud sounds of arms; but no sounds came. Only, on the plain, in a natural flat cricket-pitch, bordered by rising ground on both sides, and beyond range of castle-shot, they saw men driving stakes. By twos and threes, by tens and hundreds, with gathering boldness, they drifted nearer: the men they perceived, were inclosing the length of the pitch in palisades, leaving open door-ways at the narrow ends; they were creating the lists for a tournament of arms. And at once a glad thrill excited the multitude.

But now there broke a blare of horns like the blares of that first day of heralds; and again there came pacing solemn a richly tricked-out embassy, in an emblazoned splendour of gold and taffeta and tissue-cloth, cordelire and egrette and cordon, quite different from the emblazoned splendour of that first day—differing as one star from another in glory. From the Black Knight they came, and they made for the camp of the Golden.

It was necessary to arrange the minute conditions of the coming joust, what constituted defeat, the arms, the hours, the marshals of the ceremony, the umpire. Back and fore paced the heralds blaring; a clouded sun climbed from nine to ten, from ten to eleven, and still they paced and blared. Now a vague misty drizzle, which persisted through the day, began to haunt the air. But the people budgeted not from round the thronged lists, some provided with picnic cheer, most forgetting their stomachs. Hour by hour they stared at the repassing embassies.

At last, before noon, a sign of business was seen: ten mounted trumpeters, red-clad, in mantelets of Venice-gold, rode slowly into the lists and took stand at a corner of the oblong; while from the other camp ten in cloth-of-tissue cloaks raised with pearls of silver damask, took stand diagonally opposite. The herald-pacing ceased; terms had been arranged, and the minor parties formally apprised.

Then came a body of men-at-arms, riding back the multitude from the lists with cries of "Field! Field!" and immediately followed a number of servitors, bearing tents. One they pitched near the north, narrow end of the lists, some yards outside the palisade, for Francis; one at the south, for Henry; three also on the east long side, and four on the west, on the gently-rising ground, for the other fighters: all being as richly wrought and gaudily barbaric as the tents of ancient Asiatics.

Now expectation stood on tip-toe, for the trumpeters blared unanimously as the two marshals of the day entered at opposite ends; and even as the castle-clock tolled noon, the crowd fell back both north and south before two galloping parties, one Henry's, the other Francis'; and as these dismounted at their tent-doors, there were other gallopers, and soon the seven tents had occupants.

Then occurred an interval, during which the two marshals, one Charles Brandon, the other the Chevalier d'Arcy, met and conferred. To the crowd the moments were hours; and Bessie Ford, peering through a machicolation of the donjon, saw well through a pair of very sound and seeing eyes, but knew not what.

At last Charles Brandon, stepping back, called out:

"The Knight of Norfolk, and The Seeker!"

Down the lists in opposite directions went he and his fellow at a trot, each crying prone three times: "The Knight of Norfolk, and The Seeker!"

And while the trumpets stormed the ear, two horsemen slowly entered the lists, one at the northern, one at the southern, gate.

The first-arrived before the castle was to fight the second-arrived; the victor the third; and so on: this being the order of the day. The first-arrived was the Wolsey-men; and their leader, Havard, having stripped

from his horse every cognizance of the Cardinal, had adopted the style of "the Knight of Norfolk." These had arrived as Alvarada, and he, under the style of "the Seeker," advanced now to meet Havard.

He was cased in a simple Spanish plate-coat, complete from greaves to neck-piece, a morion on his head. But he wore no visor, and his classic-featured face was visible to Henry, who, at his tent-door, sat, palm on knee, suitably watching. As for Francis, he stood tattling among his chevaliers, casually glancing anon at what went forward.

The lists, five hundred yards long, gave room for import of the two riders spurred; the chargers, with frisked tail, spurred to combat; galloping fast, faster, they drew nearer—hacked quick, stretching sideways, two whistling hacks—and passed.

To spin with swift wheel, and re-engage. Not a breath of sound now from all that intense and tip-toeing multitude of onlookers, while chop, chop, went the clashing steels. But the contest was short; from the first *boffe* it was seen that in this fight, "the Seeker" was dominant, and the aggressor; and at a raising of the sword-arm of his antagonist to strike over-helm, Alvarada deftly inserted his blade into a joining of the cuirass, and pierced the heart; so that Havard toppled dead.

The riderless charger scampered through the lists, dragging him a little by a stirrup, and went spreading a random noise of confused alarm among the furrowed multitude. The trumpets stormed the ear: Alvarada pricked once round the lists, then back to his tent; servitors came and laid the dead on a litter; they covered him with a cercloth; they bore him thence for ever. While Henry, sitting, tilted his head behind a goblet of gingered ypercas; and Francis was lisping to a chevalier: "The English girl is to the French as a peach is to an oyster."

Now again the heralds conferred during an inconspicuously long interval; till Charles Brandon, stepping back, cried: "The Seeker and The Knight-Courtman!" And down the lists went the two Marshals trotting, crying that thrice.

"The Knight-Courtman" was the style assumed by Du Ballay; and into the lists from opposite ends came Alvarada and the portly, militant Churchman, the latter cap-a-pie in heavy plated mail very minutely arabesqued in silver; his horse also heavy with steel. And the two riders spurred; the chargers, with frisked tail, spurred to combat; galloping fast, faster, they drew near—hacked quick, stretching sideways, two whistling hacks—and passed.

But with swift check, and wheel, they re-engaged. There were seconds crowded with intense mixed chops, then pause, and readjustment of the two stepping horses, then seconds crowded with chops, in thick squalls and spasms of virulence. At last Du Ballay's heavy blade split the corselet of Alvarada at the collar-bone, drawing a stain of red; whereupon the Spaniard reared on his haunches, and as he came down, the horses were side by side, head to haunch and haunch to head. The quicker hand and wit was now the victor: each had the other's nape; and both, almost simultaneously, chopped. But at the instant of the fall of Du Ballay's hew, he experienced a violent cuff on the chest, inflicted by Alvarada's left fist, which had abandoned its bridle: his stroke faltered; at the same time the Spaniard cut twice, quick and deep; and Du Ballay dived over his saddle-bow, blood spouting from his visor-bars, to stretch his bulk on the ground.

Alvarada pricked once round the lists, while the trumpets blared, then rode back to his tent. Fitzgerald, sitting at his door on the wet sward, chin cocked on hand, remarked:

"That is sure the carle with whom I fought at the Bell Inn, Mac."

"It is," said Mac. "A sound fighter, that, a sound fighter."

"He learned war in his ten minutes' with Fitz," suggested Bonner.

"Boysie," said Fitz, and laid his hand on Bonner's.

The prostrate knight was removed. The trumpets blared, the marshals conferred. The sun, no brighter than a haloed moon, stood half-way in its setting quadrant. And over the vague drizzle haunted the air, like the ghost of rain, damping tree, and sward, and mail, and the patient, gazing multitude, and all it found.

(To be continued.)

Where Will You - Spend Easter?

We have again entered into arrangements with Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son for offering special facilities to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who wish to spend the Easter Holidays in either Paris or Brussels. The programme is as appended:

Passengers to leave London Bridge Station or Victoria (L.B. and S.C.) 8.50 p.m. on Thursday evening, March 30th, arriving at PARIS next morning; hotel accommodation, commencing with breakfast on arrival, and ending with dinner on the following Monday; return from Paris Monday evening, arriving in London Tuesday morning. Third-class travel and comfortable second-class accommodation, £3 12s. 6d.; second-class travel and similar hotels, £3 2s. 6d.; second-class travel and first-class hotels, £3 7s. 6d.; first-class throughout, £4 2s. 6d.

For the BRUSSELS excursion: Leave London at 9 p.m. on Thursday night, travelling via Dover and Ostend, arriving at Brussels the following morning, leaving Brussels by night service on Monday, arriving in London Tuesday morning; the accommodation to commence with breakfast at Brussels on the Friday, and to end with dinner on the following Monday. Third-class rail and second steamer, and comfortable accommodation, £3; third-class rail and good second-class hotel, £3 5s.; third-class rail, second-class steamer, first-class hotel, £3 12s.

Any further inquiries should be addressed to this office, and the envelope marked "Easter."

They Hate the Matinée.

"THE greatest burden of a music-hall comedian's life," said one of the fraternity to P.W., "is the Saturday afternoon *matinée*. We all have an inveterate dislike to appearing in the afternoon, and I hardly know one performer who would not rather sing three songs at night than one in the afternoon. Somehow or other one feels all out of gear in the garish light of day, and though the people in front may think we are quite up to the mark, it is very rarely that we can do ourselves full credit at the *matinée*.

"Comedians of high reputation often absolutely refuse to appear at these afternoon shows, but then in order to be as independent as this, you must be a very 'swagger' person indeed. In the case of the ordinary singer, a refusal to appear at *matinées* would mean the cancelling of the contract between himself and the management.

"On the legitimate stage also, you will find that actors and actresses have a very decided dislike to daylight shows, and, in fact, the objection to the *matinée* will be found in every walk of the profession, from the highest star to the lowest 'super.'"

GWILLIAMS: "Mrs. Bingo always strikes me as being such a masculine woman."

Mrs. Gwilliams: "She is. She can't stand the least bit of pain without making a big fuss over it."

McCOEMICK: "I want two poached eggs on toast."

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

"And be sure and have them fresh laid."

"Yes, sir; I'll have 'em laid on the toast, sir."

Smiles for Serious Lips.

THE "smile doctor" is the latest necessity for the complete outfit of a woman of fashion, and at present he exists only in London. For a small fee he will transform an uncomely grin into a dainty and bewitching smile—only he must have his fee first.

It is no easy matter to control the curves of the lips and mouth. Small wonder, then, that the services of the smile doctor are in great demand.

This gentleman puts his clients through certain lip and mouth exercises of his own invention, and by constant practice the desired smile slowly grows into grace.

Actresses and music-hall artists largely patronise the smile tutor, and rumour has it that he is in a fair way to make a fortune.

There is one drawback to the method. The mouth and cheeks become so used to dimpling that the subject is with difficulty able to keep a serious face. Even when she wants to appear serious she cannot without difficulty do so. This is inconvenient at funerals, for instance.

It is certainly a drawback in some walks of life, but actresses and the gay *soubrette* do not object to it so much.

PARKINS: "What a magnificent woman Cusby's wife is."

Harkins: "Yes; but then, he's a fellow who always gets the best of everything."

Parkins: "H'm! I'll bet you, my boy, that he doesn't get the best of her."

Try It!

Is there anything more annoying than to have a pedestrian who is hurrying in an opposite direction to yourself, start right up in front of you and begin a delicious dodging first to one side and then to the other for the space of half a minute or more, in an attempt to pass you?

Of course it is the other person's fault. He ought to know better than to cut up such antics in the street. You know just where you want to go, and you were going in a very proper way, until this apparently disjointed individual popped up in front of you.

You feel as though you won't like to do something dreadful to such stupid people, and you glare in a manner that would annihilate if looks could kill.

And yet there is just where the fault lies. People who meet in this manner stare at each other and in this way lose all control of self-direction. It is as though temporarily hypnotised.

It is the simplest thing in the world to avoid this annoyance, if you will but try a simple little method I will propose. When you realise that someone is about to run into you, avert your eyes in such a way as not to catch the glance of the other. Look at some other person, across the street, in a shop window, and keep right on walking. You will be surprised at the result. It may seem as though you were going to smash into each other; but you can be conscious of such a danger without looking at it, and the instinct of self-direction will cause you to avoid the danger. This is certainly a very simple remedy for so great and frequent an annoyance, and, if you will but put it into practice, you will have occasion many times to feel grateful to P.W. for this suggestion.

Perfectly Safe with Tigers.

SIGNOR SCAREM, the noted wild animal tamer, had put his trained tigers through their tricks. He had driven them round and round their cage, and they had crouched in a corner at the word of command, though he was but a weak human being, and they were mighty wild beasts, and could have torn him limb from limb had they realised their power.

He had no weapon in his hand, if we except a short whip, which he occasionally cracked over the tigers' heads. His performance being ended, amid breathless silence on the part of the spectators, Signor Scarem stepped from the cage unharmed, and then the tumultuous applause broke forth.

People crowded about him to praise his courage, and one man said:

"Don't you regard that as very dangerous?"

"Not at all," replied the trainer. "Tigers are not dangerous so long as you keep on the right side of them."

"Which is the right side?" asked the questioner quizzingly.

"The outside," replied the trainer, as he strode away to the dressing-room.

Cheated.

ONLY a few summers ago, among others that visited a wild and picturesque region in North Wales, was an artist. He had a wealth of scenery from which to select, and chose a picturesque view with a hill of rocks and pines as a background.

The owner of the property transferred to canvas did not think much of the enterprise or of the man who would dawdle away his time in such an undertaking, but the artist paid his charges without a murmur, and never entered any complaints against the accommodations.

The next season the painter was again among the guests.

"How did that there picture of yours come out?" asked the curious landlord.

"Oh, fairly well. You know that I have my name to make yet. I sold it for £250."

"No," exclaimed the farmer excitedly, "not £250. You're chaffin' me."

"Not a bit of it," laughed the artist, "I got the money for that little view before there was a frame on it."

"Well, well! I allus thought I was purty good at a bargain, but I'll be jiggered if you don't take the prize. You chiselled that feller well."

"How so?" indignantly, for his pride was touched.

"Oh, don't play innocent with me. It won't go no further. But you done him brown. £250 for that spot where you couldn't grow a bean to the acre! If the man that bought that picture had seen me I'd a sold him the whole blessed farm for the odd fifty."

Smells that are Bred.

CANADA will be able to boast of a new article of export this year, and will glut the foreign markets with skunk skins.

The part of the country which will furnish the fur is in the northern part of the Province of Quebec.

Here is Canada's great skunk farm, and here are the thousands of skunks, whose skins, under the name of Alaska sable, will begin to be exported this year.

The owner of the farm is a French-Canadian, who made his money as a manufacturer of gloves. He has retired from active business at present, and has any amount of time to attend to his two hobbies, the breeding of skunks and swine.

He acquired three islands in the river known variously as the Riviere Rouge and the Riviere Chaude. One of these islands he devoted to skunks and the other to swine. The third island is still unused.

He had heard that skunk skins commanded an excellent price in London markets; that they could be sold without any special preparation beyond salting, and that it cost next to nothing to keep skunks.

He also knew that the odour for which the skunk is responsible at times is seldom manifest except by reason of great fright or anger, and he immediately thought of trying to breed the animals systematically.

He caused advertisements to be put in all the French-Canadian country newspapers, and shortly afterwards skunks began to arrive by the dozens at his warehouse, done up in boxes, baskets, empty beehives, or anything that would hold them.

As they arrived he shipped them to his island, and ordered the man whom he had put there as caretaker to let them loose on the biggest of the three tracts. In all he received about 400 skunks.

"WHY did you hit this man on the head with a bat?" asked the magistrate.

"Because he was balled-headed," answered the prisoner.

"Case discharged; but you'll catch it next time," said his worship.

The Gunners' Patron Saint.

WHY was Saint Barbara chosen to be the patron saintess of all gunners? It is one of those things which are to be known, and which one ought to know, but does not. Meanwhile, there is the fact that she does intercede for all gunners by land or sea.

In the old French navy, the *Sainte Barbe* was the gun room, and the name may be found with that meaning attached to it in all dictionaries.

Moreover, in France she is the saint not only of gunners, but of all fire brigades. The *Sapeurs Pompiers*, who, for some mysterious reason, are a regular chopping-block for jokes, hold their holiday on the day of her feast. This year it has been rather a considerable occasion round Paris.

Various societies exist in that capital, such, for example, as the *Société du Souvenir Français*, for the purpose of erecting and preserving monuments in commemoration of the fighting during the siege of 1870-71.

They meet and speechify once a year, early in December; and this time at least, if not always, the day chosen happened to be the Sunday which was also the feast day of Saint Barbara.

NOT UP IN PLUTARCH.—"They've found the grave of Romulus in Rome."

"But I thought Romulus was translated."

"No, it's just the same in both languages."

"Oh, Sophy! I hear you kissed Mr. Rondo, the poet, in the conservatory last night."

"Um-m-m!"

"Tell me. What was it like?"

"Well, he has a very pronounced literary taste."

Folk who Steal Club Stationery.

"I THINK," said an official at a leading West End club to P.W., "that you would be not a little amused if you could witness the subterfuges practised by persons of snobbish tendencies in order to obtain stationery bearing the club address and crest. Having obtained this, they write to their friends and acquaintances on the paper in question, thus giving the impression that they are members of the club."

How is the trick worked? Well, the most common plan is to ask for a member, and then to interrupt the porter who is about to send the pageboy to the member in question with the remark, "Oh, never mind. Don't disturb Mr. Jones, I'll just drop a note to him." On being asked to take a seat in the writing-room, he fills his pocket with the club paper and envelopes, and, having indited a letter to his imaginary friend, departs in triumph.

"We caught one of these gentry only the other day, and when I asked him to disgorge his ill-gotten gains he turned crimson. So thoroughly abashed was he that I felt almost sorry for him, though it is hard to experience much sympathy for persons who can descend to such vulgar snobbery as this."

ART is never true to life. In "Good Night" pictures no one is ever pictured in a coloured tannish flannel gown, carrying a hot brick wrapped in flannel to be put at the foot of the bed. Giving the different members of the family a hot brick is more important these days than the good-night kiss. We insist upon an art that is true to life.

Against the Law.

"I WAS standing down here on the wharf," began a man who rushed into the police-station, "when a feller comes up to me, and says for two pins he'd knock my face off. Was that against the law?"

"It was assault, technically speaking," replied the sergeant.

"That's what I told him, but he said he didn't care a hang for the law, nor me either. Then he takes me by the beard, this way, and jerks my head to the right and the left, and says he's a good mind to jerk my jaw off. Was that against the law?"

"That was both assault and battery."

"That's what I told him, but he sneers and sneers, and says he's not afraid of the police, and he's going to prove it. Then he seizes my hat and jumps on it, and hits me a slap on the ear, and says he'll make my head ache for a week. Was that against the law?"

"Certainly it was."

"That's what I told him, and then he hits me a thump on the head and a slap in the mouth, and says that if he didn't have to go to the bank to draw £10,000, he'd reduce me to a state of immobility. Was that against the law?"

"Of course."

"Was it against the law when he twisted my nose, punched me in the ribs and then turned me round and kicked me five times?"

"To be sure."

"Well, that's what I told him, and I'm glad to find out I was correct. Much obliged to you. If I see him again, I'll try and get a bet that he was wrong about it. Good-bye. Nice day outdoors."

A LIFE'S WORK:

How can it be most Pleasantly and Profitably Passed?

VII.—FREE LIBRARY STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

LIBRARIANSHIP is a profession of the future.

As matters stand at the present moment the outlook of young men now working in libraries throughout the country as assistants is not particularly rosy, and keen disappointment is felt at the slowness of promotion and insufficient pay; but we repeat, nevertheless, that librarianship is a profession of the future.

There is at the present time a movement on foot among librarians to establish the "profession" on a solid basis and on lines similar to other professional walks of life, by which promotion and appointments can only be obtained when the candidate has passed a qualifying examination on subjects material to the welfare and success of a librarian, including a certain part of the classics and matters pertaining to the practical side of the book profession.

The near future is bringing with it these important changes, so that by proper certification and registration "outsiders" will be barred from being given important posts by local authorities who have but a poor opinion, as a rule, of the qualifications necessary to make a good librarian.

In these circumstances, therefore, parents and guardians will do well to consider librarianship as a profession with prospects, and a desirable walk in life for young people entering it now, seeing that in about ten years hence the whole organisation and propaganda generally will have been entirely reformed, and the mode of awarding the best appointments completely changed.

The Council of the Library Association, together with the Committee of the Library Assistants Association, are sparing neither time, money, nor patience in getting their scheme through on the shoulders of proper legislation, either of a local nature, or, if needs be, by application to Parliament.

The Ewart Act of 1850 was framed for the purpose of "enabling town councils to establish public libraries and museums," a measure which gave free study for the people a great impetus. Since that date no fewer than twenty-three Acts of Parliament have been passed in relation to public libraries and museums.

Free libraries are now classed among the recognised educational institutions of our time, and although a very large number of towns within these realms have failed up to the present to avail themselves of the Public Library Act, yet it is only a question of time when these backward towns will follow in the wake of their compeers and open their free libraries, which will mean a call upon the services of new librarians.

The spread of education by means of our elementary school system, technical classes, university extension lectures, and colleges for higher education must make in time, if it does not do so now, public libraries valuable auxiliaries and adjuncts.

There are now, as far as can be gathered, 350 public free libraries open with about 1,250 chief and assistant librarians. It is computed that in less than twenty years this number of libraries and librarians will have been more than doubled, calculating at the rate at which free libraries are being built and opened at the present period.

It will, therefore, be seen that in view of this probability and the coming change in the organisation of the craft, which will make things better all round, the future of the profession is promising, and that there are possibilities for the youth or girl—for the fair sex is not barred—entering it now.

Every existing library is its own independent authority at the present day, so that there are no uniform regulations governing any one object or interest common to all, nor is there a standard rate of pay for the various degrees of assistants or chiefs.

At some libraries, as at Liverpool, for instance, apprentices are taken. This is an arrangement (without indentures) between the parents of a fourteen or fifteen year-old candidate and the librarian on the part of the committee to secure the candidate's services for a period of five years on a small, progressive salary, the latter starting at about seven shillings a week and rising about two shillings yearly. In the meantime the boy—or girl—is improving his education in his spare time, studying Latin, French or German, English grammar, Composition, and so forth, his library chief coaching him in all the subjects pertaining to the practical side, such as cataloguing, administration, and Bibliography. He will be early put to collate the books purchased, to compare the prices of books sent to the librarian on approval or marked for purchase in the catalogues of book-dealers; he will learn to classify the books and mark their sizes by the help of fold and book-scale.

In the science of cataloguing he will have to study the rules observed by the British Museum, Bodleian Library, and of the Library Association, and to use as companions the various standard dictionaries, bibliographical works, and books of literary and scientific reference.

He will become identified with the more general work of the library, gradually rising from pasting in labels

to indicator work, and keeping an observing eye on the volumes.

In large and go-ahead cities and towns an examination of candidates for staff appointments obtains, as, for instance, at Bristol. It was only last October that forty-one young girls, whose ages varied from fifteen to eighteen, underwent an examination for an assistantship at Bristol. The subjects of the examination were handwriting, dictation, arithmetic, geography, English history, and English literature.

A girl librarian will hardly ever prove a formidable rival of a man librarian as she is liable to retire early to settle down in life.

The average salary at present paid to a junior is about £40 a year; a senior assistant £80. The average salary paid to a sub-librarian is £150.

The salary of a chief librarian, as also in the case of the assistants, depends entirely on the library, its income, and largely upon the will of the local library commissioners.

The salary of the chief at the Guildhall, is, for instance, £750 a year. The head librarian of a big borough's series of libraries—a central and its branches—is usually fairly well paid, ranging from £250 to £500.

Most chief librarianships carry a free residence, with coal and gas, so that even in the present disorganised state of the profession there are a few "plums" in the giving of local library commissioners, and which should only be given to tried men who have spent their best days behind the library counter.

In the smaller libraries the pay of the chief is, of course, smaller; but boys entering now will, when they arrive at the highest degree in the giving of their calling, have more and better chances offered to them than have the present-day young men.

Forty-eight hours a week represent the average number of hours an assistant puts in, but they are in a good many cases inconveniently placed, for the busiest time at a library is when other people have nothing to do. Hence an evening off is a rare thing. Library assistants have to make shift with the mornings.

Reverting to the examination theory which is now engaging the heads of the profession, young men and girls can qualify for positions in libraries by obtaining the Library Association certificate after passing in certain subjects, particulars of which can be obtained of the secretary, 20 Hanover Square, London, W. This certificate, as yet, is not compulsory, nor can its presentation compel library committees to engage you. The present agitation among librarians is to legalise this and other suggested forms of examinations for the purposes already named, for when the "open door" is closed there will follow, it is believed, a corresponding increase in salaries.

The general order and superintendence of a library and the direction of the junior staff are duties which fall usually to the sub-librarian, who also acts as *locum tenens* during the absence of the chief.

The principal of a modern library is compelled to devote much of his time to committee business, tradesmen and their accounts, book-buying, and visitors, and to apprentices where these are employed.

Should young men find promotion slow here at home there is the growing field of Africa, where the free library movement is meeting with popular favour.

In that colony there are 100 libraries receiving Government grants. It is true they are only small libraries, twelve only containing over 5,000 volumes, or 351,000 books in all; but it shows how the current is running, and points to a prosperous future within the space of ten or fifteen years, although the salaries are not good just now.

A library was opened at Bulawayo recently, with 2,500 volumes.

The library at Cape Town has 60,000 volumes, and pays in salaries £1,264 a year.

[The articles already published under this heading are: "The Civil Service" (P.W. No. 446), "Motor Car Building" (P.W. No. 447), "Royal Navy" (P.W. No. 448), "H.M. Dockyard Apprentices" (P.W. No. 449), "The Consular Service" (P.W. No. 450), "Lady Orchestras" (P.W. No. 451).]

"WHAT kind of a hat would you wear with this soot?" asked the Fluo. "A chimney pot?"

CHEMIST: "Pills did you say, my dear?"

Little Girl: "Yes, please, sir."

Chemist: "But what sort—antibillions?"

Little Girl: "Oh, no, sir—uncle is!"

"How did it happen that Miss Singleton refused to marry the young clergyman?"

"Why, when he proposed to her, she, being a little deaf, thought he was asking her to subscribe to the organ fund. So she told him she had promised her money to some other mission."

DOUBTS: "What do you think of those trout I've painted for the exhibition, old man? Studies of some I caught last summer, you know."

Scumble: "I should say they were not like the originals in one respect."

Dobbs: "How so?"

Scumble: "They don't look as though they'd go on the line."

Husband Stopped Her Extravagance.

AT LEAST, THAT IS WHAT THE SHOP PEOPLE THOUGHT, BUT IT WAS OTHERWISE.

HERE is the latest thing in polite shop-lifting to date—that is, up to the moment of going to press, for there will no doubt be several new departures by the time this reaches our readers, such is the commendable spirit of enterprise shown by the light-fingered fraternity.

It happened in Paris—in the famous Rue Richelieu to be exact. A lady entered a shop there to purchase a silk dress. A man, well-dressed, and of fashionable appearance followed her in, and watched the transaction with a pained expression.

Presently the lady drew a note for several hundred francs from her purse to pay for the dress, whereupon the stranger rushed forward, snatched the note from her hand and gave her a violent box on the ear, crying: "I forbade you to buy that dress and you shall not have it." Then, apparently ashamed of his display of temper, he lifted his hat to the saleswoman and hastened away.

The point of this story lies in the fact that he was not the lady's husband, that she had never seen him before, and, worse than all, will probably never see him, nor her money, again.

How Some Women Study Men.

A PARTY of women were seated about a table in a fashionable tea shop, sipping their tea. P.W. was doing the same close by.

"I detest a crush, but I don't like to miss anything that's worth seeing," said the most demure miss of the party. "But do you know whenever I am in a crowd, even if it's only at the theatre, while shopping, or at the railway station—I can't help the feeling—I have to glance about me, and see if there is the friendly face of a man anywhere near whom I feel I could trust. One to whom in the event of accident or injury I could feel that he would be brave and equal to the emergency by succour or sympathy. I don't know why or wherefore; I have never had the slightest mischance, and I go about a great deal, but almost insensibly I am on the look-out for the man who would be likely to help me if anything did happen."

"Curious, isn't it? I suppose I ought to look rather to my own sex, but of course it must be a touch of that old primeval instinct which bids a woman lean upon the stronger sex."

"But it is a far more curious fact, if you will believe me, that I rarely if ever see a thoroughly trustworthy face, one who has that in his countenance which makes me feel that he could be relied upon in an emergency. There are plenty of bright faces, and intellectual faces, and handsome faces, to say nothing of the vivacious and sullen and evil faces; but it is very rare that there is a face that has the stamp of just being good and noble. Now and then I have seen him, but then, of course, nothing would happen while he is near."

Then she sighed, and P.W. wishing vainly that a mad dog would rush in, the roof fall or floor cave in, picked up his bill for a pot of tea and a jam tart, and sadly walked out of the shop.

Men Will Climb 600,000 Steps a Year.

You know how tiring it is to climb up a flight of steps, even when they are well made and nicely upholstered, but the chances are that you have never given the 'bus conductor a thought, although he probably climbs more stairs than any other individual in the world.

An obliging London 'bus conductor went into the matter with P.W. a few days ago, and, being an adept at figures—as the majority of 'bus conductors are—he quickly evolved the following interesting facts:

"There are," he said, "nine steps from the platform to the top of the 'bus, and it is rather underrating to say that I climb that flight of steps twelve times an hour during the fifteen hours I am on duty every day. Twenty would be nearer the mark, but to be on the safe side we will put it down as twelve."

"Nine steps at twelve times an hour, fifteen hours a day, seven days a week, makes the nice little total of 11,340 a week, 45,960 a month, or 589,680 a year. The number of times I step off the 'bus and on again, and the incidental number of steps I climb like any other individual in the ordinary course of life brings the annual total up, I reckon, to 600,000 steps a year."

"Been at this job long? Well, I've been working this route just twenty-one years, so that I've climbed quite 12,600,000 steps during that time. I don't notice it now, but I did at first go off."

A few weeks ago we drew attention to the London policemen, some of whom are asked no fewer than 449,280 questions a year. So that—dipping into figures again—the average 'bus conductor climbs four steps to every three questions the average London Strand policeman is asked.

It is naturally impossible to give within the limits of a single article all the details associated with any one occupation. The Editor will, however, be pleased to answer any inquiries, provided a stamp is inclosed and the envelope marked "A Life's Work."

SHOULD WILL-MAKING BE ABOLISHED?

HOW THE EXPECTATION OF A LEGACY INDUCES IDLENESS.

"Most certainly it should," was the emphatic reply of a well-known London jurist, to whom P.W. had just put the question which heads this article.

"I suppose," he continued, "there are few, if any, of our recognised legal forms which are productive of more widespread discontent and general improvidence than the time-honoured custom of disposing of one's wealth by means of a last will and testament. Of course, it is always easier to decry a practice than to actually remedy its evils. Nevertheless, when, as in the case in point, the evils are so generally admitted amongst those who have most to do with will administration, it should not be a difficult matter to secure the co-operation necessary for the inauguration of a better state of things."

"One of the greatest evils of the present system is the inducement to idle and careless habits which it incites in people with 'expectations.' Dickens has given us a very striking instance of this in his celebrated Chancery suit of 'Jarndyce v. Jarndyce.' It is only necessary to substitute 'will' for 'Chancery suit,' to appreciate the position of thousands of 'expectant' men and women of to-day. The following case in point will perhaps serve to illustrate the danger more clearly than many tons of argument:

"Ten years ago one of the most promising men at Oxford University was a young lord, who, as heir to a certain Duke's huge fortune, was popularly supposed to be the richest man in the 'Varsity. In addition to his vast reputed wealth, however, the budding young peer had admittedly abilities of no mean order—abilities that would have won him a lucrative income from literature, law, or medicine, had he felt disposed to take them up. Needless to say, however, a constant stream of pocket-money and the vision of all his father's thousands descending to him at the latter's demise did not tend to inspire thoughts of serious, hard work in the young man, and most of his time was spent in the aquatic and other athletic exercises so dear to the heart of the moneyed Oxonian."

"To cut a long story short, the youth left college as wise as he entered it; spent several years in a life of gaiety, married contrary to his father's wishes, and was disinherited. At the present moment, with a delicate wife and a child to support, he is working fourteen hours a day for 30s. a week. And this solely as the result of his great expectations having led him to fritter away the splendid opportunities given him to turn his once active intellect to good account."

"Some slight idea of the wide-reaching effect of will-making upon those who may reasonably expect to benefit thereby, may be gleaned from the statistics of the wealth of this country. Disregarding altogether the vast mass of people whose incomes are less than £3 per week, we find that there are some 350,000 of our fellow-citizens who draw between £3 and £10 per week; 32,000 drawing between £10 and £20; 20,000 drawing between £20 and £100 per week; and a lucky residuum of some 3,000 souls whose incomes range from £100 a week upwards."

"Now it is pretty safe to assume that at least 400,000 of these 405,000 gentlemen intend bequeathing their wealth through the medium of the usual 'testament'; also that, upon an average, at least four people are expecting to substantially benefit under every separate will, or 1,600,000 souls in all. It unfortunately requires no great knowledge of the ways of the world to appreciate the fact that at least 1,000,000 of these expectant legatees are consciously or unconsciously relaxing their efforts in the race of life as a consequence of the knowledge that sooner or later they are bound to have gold to spare without the trouble of working for it. Could anything be more fatal to that independence of action which has always been the mainstay of the British people?"

"Again, during the ten years ending December 31st, 1896, no fewer than thirty-two millionaires died in this country, leaving an aggregate personality of £51,670,000 to be suddenly distributed amongst comparatively few relatives. It would be interesting to know how many of the recipients were sufficiently level-headed to control their new-born wealth, and how many did the other thing!"

"Happily for our national credit, however, there are already those amongst us who, having seen the evils of the present system, are taking serious steps to combat it. One well-known City merchant, who must be worth at least a million sterling, has adopted a particularly drastic method of dealing with the difficulty. He has, in all, four sons, to each of whom he allows the best education, mentally and physically, that money can procure. As soon as they reach their seventeenth year, however, they are subjected to a straight talk with their 'old man,' the general purport of which is somewhat as follows:

"Well, my boy, you are now seventeen. Hitherto, I have kept you; now you must learn to keep yourself. From to-day your allowance will be cut down to £1 a week; barely sufficient to keep you from starvation if you intend being an idler all your life, but amply sufficient to tide you over every possible reverse of fortune if you

use your wits and don't mind hard work. You can stay here at home until you get your first situation, for there is nothing like starting at the bottom, but after that you will have to earn your own living."

"Do not expect a pennypiece at my death, for I shall leave you nothing. This, however, I will do. I shall bank to-day £10,000 in our joint names, which amount I shall leave to accumulate at compound interest until you can bring me another £10,000 as the result of your industry. Mind you, I shall require every proof that it has been obtained by legitimate trading; but the moment it is so amassed, you shall be free to choose between the accumulated amount in the bank and a partnership in my firm. Think it well over and make your choice. If you intend to be an idler, all the money in the world won't save you from the workhouse; if, on the other hand, you mean to work, now is the time to start."

"Another energetic anti-will protestor is to be found in the person of Lord Mount Stephen, who, as the first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is now a millionaire of the first water. This noble lord has recently proved his title to the adjective by an exceedingly generous deed of gift. Recognising that there is no time when men and women are better able to appreciate the joys of a full pocket than during their more active years, he has just distributed some £560,000 amongst thirty-five relatives. The majority of the joyful recipients reside in Montreal, in which city their benefactor began life as a merchant; the actual deed of gift having been executed in November last."

"From this brief review of the practice of will-making it will be seen that our present system offers a remarkably fine field for the reformer. Many more instances might have been cited had space permitted, but it didn't. Nevertheless, the few cases which have been touched upon will doubtless recall numerous further incidents to the minds of most of us, the general trend of which will probably be much in the same direction."

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but is it? There is no catch about it. It is a simple demonstrable fact which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes."

If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference, and walk briskly in the centre, you will find that before you have gone a hundred yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep to the centre, or you may do it, but if you will think of something, and endeavour to walk naturally, it is a hundred to one you cannot keep a direct line."

The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other, and this, combined with the quicker movement, causes one to walk more to one side than the other."

It is well known, for instance, that if one is lost in the woods, the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return to about the starting point. This demonstrates the fact also that one foot walks faster than the other."

You can try an interesting experiment in this way if you will place two stakes in the lawn about eight feet apart, and then stand off about sixty feet from it, allow yourself to be blindfolded, and endeavour to walk between them. You will find it an almost impossible task, because one foot will go a bit faster than the other, either to the right or left. Now, which one of your feet walks faster than the other?"

FIRST LADY: "And what do you think? At Monte Carlo I placed a sovereign on the number of my age on the roulette and won!"

SECOND LADY: "But there are only thirty-six numbers in roulette."

ARKLIGHT: "I see that you have shut off all the gas in your house, and are using nothing but candles. What is that for?"

Darklight: "Merely out of curiosity. I want to see if it will make any difference in my gas bills."

DOCTOR: "You look rather excited. For some time to come you had better not exert yourself too much. For instance, you must not—what is your profession?"

Patient: "Anarchist."

Doctor: "You must not throw bombs, do you hear?"

CADLEY: "I'm awfully fond of beefsteak and fried onions, but I dare not eat it because it makes one's breath disagreeable."

Wadley: "I'll tell you how you can manage that all right enough."

Cadley: "Well, how?"

Wadley: "Just go to that new fashionable restaurant and order beefsteak and onions and they will bring you something to take your breath away."

Cadley: "What is that?"

Wadley: "The bill."

TEA AND SCANDAL.

MISS ELLEN TERRY plays the banjo.

THE Duke of Athole takes the palm as a many-titled aristocrat. He has twenty-three titles.

LORD ROBERTS is the first winner of the Victoria Cross who has attained the rank of Field-Marshal.

THE Empress of Russia takes a great interest in Irish affairs, and intends to begin the study of the Celtic tongue.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., was at one time a reporter in the House of Commons. He is still a member of the Press Club.

MR. JOHN HARE requires a month to study a new part. While actually studying it, he wears clothes exactly similar to those in which he is to play.

THE Queen of Rumania is the only living person who has written opera libretti in four languages. She has written them in French, German, Swedish and Rumanian.

THE Duke of York, although on one occasion he ordered twenty suits at once, is not a dandy; he goes in for comfort rather than fashion in dress. He looks best in dark blue serge.

THE President of the United States, when at table—even though he is the host and there are ladies present—is always served first. That is a privilege, or honour, enjoyed by the head of the great Republic as well as by crowned heads.

THE Prime Minister now rides a tricycle about Hatfield Park, his country seat. His eldest son, Lord Cranbourne, was one of the first Oxford undergraduates to ride the tricycle in the early eighties, when the machines were cumbrous things.

VERDI, the Italian composer, is nearly eighty-five, and furnishes the only instance in musical history of a composer preserving his wonderful powers almost unimpaired till extreme old age. He is certainly the greatest of living masters of music.

THE greatest dandy in Europe is Prince Albert of Thurn, Germany. He has a new suit every day, and it is perfumed with the costliest attar of roses; he has three neckties a day on the average; and his cast-off boots number more than a hundred pairs annually.

THE Duchess of Devonshire is an adept in house-keeping and personally supervises her large staff of servants. She takes much interest in her domestics, and often reads aloud to them or plays chess and other games with them in the servants' hall. The guests at Devonshire House are occasionally asked to assist by playing the piano, and in other ways.

No one in his household knows in which room the Sultan intends to sleep at night. He has more than a score of bedrooms, separated from the rest of the building by iron doors at the end of each corridor; the door of each room is furnished with a lock of ingenious construction, and two enormous dogs lie outside the room where Abdul Hamid is sleeping.

SEÑOR SAGASTA, the Spanish Premier, and his wife are the most hospitable people in or out of Spain. They always keep open house, and their mansion is usually full of guests. Husband and wife invite their respective friends without consulting each other, and it not infrequently happens that they meet people in their own house whom they do not know in the least.

THE King of Spain is guarded during his nightly slumbers by a picked body of men, who, according to an old custom, must be natives of the town of Espinosa, and have served with honour in the army. They lock the palace gates with much ceremony at midnight, and unlock them at seven o'clock in the morning; during the whole of the night they keep vigilant watch in and about the royal residence.

THE Emperor William has discovered that the reading of reports in the ordinary German handwriting is a somewhat laborious process, the formation of the characters trying the eyes too much to be good for them. He has accordingly issued an order that all urgent reports are to be typewritten, which has astonished the Government officials, because it has hitherto been regarded as impolite to typewrite these documents.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, who has just concluded his term of office as Governor-General of Canada, met his wife through trespassing. He was tramping over the moors belonging to a shooting-lodge to which he had been invited, and unconsciously crossed the boundary. He was stopped by a gentleman who told him he was trespassing, which led to an exchange of cards and an invitation to dinner. Here Lord Aberdeen met the gentleman's sister, and promptly fell in love with her.

ALTHOUGH the Greek people have always regarded the King as an alien, they have always looked upon their Queen as a general mother to them all. Her simple tastes and kindly disposition have endeared her to every one of her subjects. This feeling was accentuated by the tragic death of her eldest daughter—killed by being thrown out of a carriage within two years of her marriage; they loved her as much as they loved her mother, and their affection for the Queen increased out of sympathy for her great sorrow, the traces of which have never left her countenance.

What's the use of a mere footnote to dilate upon the excellences of HOME NOTES Double Number?

MAKING CASH OUT OF CATERPILLARS.

THE FUNNIEST FARMS ON EARTH.

THERE are probably few of us who cannot look back to the days when a cardboard box, reeking of limp lettuce and careworn caterpillars, contained all that was in our opinion necessary to found the fortunes of a prospectively flourishing silk industry.

It is true that our castles in the air seldom materialised into anything more inspiring than one or two cobwebby cocoons, and a perfume that even the past two seasons of acetylene lamps and petroleum motor-cars have scarcely sufficed to efface from our memories. Nevertheless, the remembrance of these delicate little "beasties" will be sufficient to make us appreciate, if only in a slight degree, the difficulties of "farming" in wholesale the millions of little wrigglers by whose united efforts the world's silk supply is maintained.

As everybody is aware, the silkworm hails from China, where its practical use is said to have been discovered at least 2,800 years B.C. The industry was originally founded by the Empress See-Ling, who, whilst idly unravelling a cocoon, was struck with the strength of the fibre. From this circumstance she conceived the idea of weaving it into a web in the same way that she had seen the flax fibre worked in her native India.

From this simple beginning sprang an industry, the size of which will perhaps be best appreciated when one regards one's own and one's neighbour's clothing. For, whether it appear only in the tie, in the silk hat, or merely in the silk stitches in their coat, few men are entirely independent of it; whilst the woman who will voluntarily abolish the silken rustle of her skirts, because it disturbs the Sunday congregation, has yet to be discovered. In view of this universal use of the precious fabric, it is comforting to know that some £20,310,549 worth of manufactured and £1,113,238 worth of raw silk were imported into this country during 1897 (the last year for which the Board of Trade statistics are available), these enormous figures showing an increase over the previous year of nearly £1,000,000.

The actual silkworm farms from which the raw silk is shipped to the manufactories are scattered all over the globe. India, China, Japan, Sicily, Persia, and even far New Zealand vie with one another in the production of the best cocoons, and many and interesting are the devices in which Art is called to the assistance of Nature when the wily farmer sees any likelihood of a monetary gain.

One of the smartest ideas in this connection is the way in which the hatching of the eggs is occasionally made to keep pace with the supply of mulberry leaves, without which the unfortunate worms soon die of starvation. As a result of cold winds, the mulberry will often be leafless long after the sun has been powerful enough to hatch the eggs.

To guard against this contingency, the eggs are placed in a refrigerator and kept at a temperature not exceeding 40deg. to 45deg., until the leaves are shooting freely. Then, as the trees burst into full foliage, the temperature of the eggs is gradually raised until it reaches the respectable heat of 75deg. to 80deg. The result is that, so soon as the eggs hatch, the wrigglers have a meal ready at hand; whereas, under the distinctly inferior management of Dame Nature, they would have been killed off in their tens of thousands. In this way, eggs laid in Australia at Christmas time have been posted to England, kept cool until July, and then hatched with the greatest success.

At the present time serious attempts at sericulture are being made in our Indian Empire, more especially upon the Kalakankar Plains near Allahabad. Here a native gentleman has planted some 3,000 acres with mulberry trees, and, so far, has experienced a fair amount of success. The best spots, however, seem to be the mountainous Himalayan and Assam districts.

Here it is no uncommon thing to find the tea and silk culture carried on side by side. Indeed, it would almost seem as if Nature had provided for this contingency, since not only can the mulberry tree be grown over the tea shrub without detriment to either, but the busy season with the "worms" is the slack one with the "shrubs," and vice versa. The saving in time, space, and labourers (one gang doing equally well for both kinds of labour) is self-evident. The actual tending of the worms is mostly done in the natives' huts, independent "farms" breeding a healthy spirit of rivalry and consequent increase in output, of which the supervisor is not slow to avail himself.

But the silk-worm is not the only silk producer. On the contrary, he has a far more active and considerably harder competitor in the common or garden spider. A short time since the world was considerably "shook up" over the announcement that a battalion of unfortunate spiders had been set to work weaving balloon ropes at Chalais Meudon, near Paris. The method of obtaining the web is beautifully simple, although necessitating, as it does, the production of some forty yards of thread at each operation from the unfortunate spider, it seems truly wonderful where it all comes from.

Twelve of the little insects are simultaneously placed above a reel, to which their threads are fastened, and the reel is revolved until their allotted tale of thread is spun. Then they are allowed an interval for lunch, whilst a

fresh battalion take their place. Eight of these forty-yard instalments, ninety-six threads in all, are then twisted into cords, the resulting "ropes" forming absolutely the lightest, strongest, and most expensive balloon fittings known.

Despite various announcements to the contrary, this idea is by no means new. For many years past spider silk has been utilised to form the "hair lines" in astronomical, surveying, and other scientific instruments, whilst nearly eighty years ago the Society of Arts awarded a medal to a Mr. Rolt in recognition of his successful attempts to obtain a large quantity of spider thread. Compared with this gentleman, the savants of Chalais Meudon are models of moderation; since the former succeeded in bleeding twenty-four unfortunate spiders to the extent of 18,000 feet of silk in the short space of two hours.

Rolt's process was practically identical with the "novel" invention of Chalais Meudon, and the thread produced was but $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in thickness, or of a fineness which would have permitted a single pound-weight to have put a girdle round the earth. The idea was pushed still further by a Frenchman, of Languedoc, and the celebrated M. Reaumur; but the extreme pugnacity of the workmen and the cannibalistic tendencies which they exhibited upon the least paucity of flies, effectually militated against their employment, except as a curiosity.

If spider silk is ever to seriously compete in the world's markets, it will probably be as a product of some foreign species. Of these there are several candidates which promise well to the unimaginative silk grower; but people with "nerves" are perhaps safest out of a business in which the live-stock consists of hairy, multi-legged, crab-like creatures, of the size of a well-nourished kitten and with a dozen times that harmless gamboller's agility and vitality.

In conclusion, it will probably be superfluous to add that an age which adulterates everything, from the poor man's beer to the rich man's champagne, has not let the princely silk go scot free. On the contrary, if only by reason of the extreme costliness of the pure article, this fabric is probably the best (or worst) adulterated article of commerce in the world. A favourite method of adulteration is to "charge" the silk by the use of an astrigent, such as catechu. The effect of the "charging" is to transform the silk into a species of blotting paper, which will soak up as much as three times its proper quantum of dye stuff; the resulting product being, of course, of greatly increased weight, but terribly liable to spontaneous combustion.

Another favourite adulterant is sulphuret of lead, over twenty per cent. of which has before now been discovered in silk thread. The effect of this insidious poison upon work-girls using the thread and continually biting off their "ends" (after the manner of work-girls) is deadly in the extreme. Not only will it produce the ghastly lead poisoning, but its frequent termination in paralysis and even sudden death are well known to every medical man. And all this suffering in order that a length of silk thread may seem of good substance and heavy in proportion to its length.

"THAT theatrical manager talks as though he wanted the earth."

"But he doesn't. He merely wants a few stars."

MRS. BUNTING (near-sighted): "What is the object of the notice on this tree?"

Bunting (who sees that it reads, "Beware of the dog!"): "It is put there that he who reads may run."

"I HAVE invented something very useful."

"What is it?"

"An alarm clock letter box which rings when a man goes by with a letter in his pocket to post for his wife."

LAWYER: "Where did he kiss you?"

Pretty Defendant: "On the mouth, sir."

LAWYER: "No, no! you don't understand. I mean where were you?"

Defendant (blushing): "In his arms, sir."

EDITOR: "My dear sir, your jokes are both original and good."

Budding humourist is highly flattered.

EDITOR: "Yes, sir, they are, but the good ones are not original, and the original ones are not good."

"WHY doesn't Mabel marry that young idiot?" asked the father. "I am getting awfully tired of his coming here so much."

"I believe I prefer to have him come here," said the mother. "If she marries him he'll stay here."

"ACCORDING to this cablegram, they were married in Bombay yesterday," he said.

"We must send our congratulations at once," she replied.

"By post or cable?" he asked.

"From what I know of both of them," she said, "we ought to send them by cable if we wish to be sure that they will be acceptable when it reaches them."

He Haunts Debtors.

AN ODD SPECIMEN WHO IS A SUCCESSFUL COLLECTOR OF BAD DEBTS.

"THERE goes the best collector in London," said the head of a large mercantile firm to P.W., indicating a quiet-looking man who had just come in.

"He doesn't look it, yet I believe that his appearance is about 90 per cent. of his stock-in-trade. Did you ever see a more ingenious face? He got his job just as he gets money from debtors that are bad payers. He came to me and asked for employment. I told him that we were not in need of anyone, and followed the usual form in telling him to call again."

"He took the invitation literally, walked round the square outside, and dropped in to make another application. 'You told me to call again,' he said. 'Want a good man?'"

"I carelessly asked him to call again."

"Another trip round the square, and he put in his third appearance, once more informing me that he was a good man in search of a job. I tried him again, and for the fourth time he came up smiling."

"Then it struck me that he would make a collector if he carried his persistency into his work, and he has proved a wonder. He has realised on old accounts that we had given up as hopeless long ago, simply wearing debtors down until they would rather pay than be bothered any further."

"One sharp rascal, who makes no pretence of paying his debts, told this man that he would have to get up very early in the morning to get anything out of him. Our man was at that fellow's house at 2.30 a.m., routed him out, and actually got the money. He never tires and never lets go."

"Another angry debtor told him to sing for his money and our collector simply took a stool in the office and sang 'The Old Folks at Home' until he got the cash."

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway, Football, and Cycling Insurance.

474 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

£1000 SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notices of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon to be found on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 1 and 2.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-month subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publishers, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publishers of the paper, 4, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE and also of the FOOTBALL and CYCLING INSURANCES has been paid up to March 21st, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling and Football Accident, under the conditions named in the notice above.

EDWARD J. PAULL,

Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited.

Under the circumstances, suffice it to say that if you know a really good thing, buy the Spring Double Number of HOME NOTES at once!



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MAKING A LIVING FROM
DEAD MEN'S SKULLS.

A CALLING WHICH IS DISTINCTLY DANGEROUS.

SOUNDS very gruesome, does it not? Gives one a touch of the shivers. Yet there is one man of whom it is positively known that he makes his living by this ghastly occupation. And thereby hangs a tale. The man is a recluse—he is perhaps a little bit dotty—and for twenty years he has never spoken to anyone, scarcely replying, even in monosyllables, when he plies his trade.

This old man is of German extraction, and he lives in the State of Oregon, which is in the extreme north-western part of the United States, not far from British Columbia. He usually visits the city of Portland when he has any skulls to dispose of, and under his arm he carries always his double-barrelled gun. Sometimes he has over his shoulder a bag, and though it is known what is therein, he is seldom questioned. On one occasion in the early days he was quizzed, but such a look came into his eyes that it was quickly discovered that the best thing to do was to leave "Old Clause" alone.

Few people have ever entered his house, and these few have never cared to go again. Everywhere the eye rests within, it falls upon a skull. A gaping skull is pushed against the door to keep it closed. Skulls line the floors; the rude mantelpiece is full of skulls; skulls are nailed to the wall, and the jawbones used for shelves, while bleached bones form patterns on the walls. His bed is made of bones, and ornamented with grinning skulls.

Thus it will be seen that the man lives in the atmosphere of his business. It might be thought that the demand for such ghastly curios would be very slight, but what with students, physicians, dentists, and curios-hunters, and the man having practically a monopoly of the business, he does very well.

The skulls are those of Indians, to be sure, but the occupation is none the less horrible for that, and the man takes his life in his hands every time he gathers a skull, for they are taken from a burying-ground of the Oregon Indians that has been held sacred from time immemorial.

About forty miles below the city of Portland, in the Dalles of the Columbia river, there is an island that is the very acme of all that is wild and desolate. The river here is deep and terribly swift. It is here the Indians have deposited their dead for untold ages, and woe betide the white man whom an Indian should chance to see set foot upon that territory. He would soon be food for the buzzards.

One of the early pioneers of the State tells a remarkable story about the burial custom of these Indians. It was an event he witnessed when he was one of the first white settlers in the territory, and it was not long before the white man became supreme and put an end to the barbarous procedure. The Indians always buried their dead in a canoe, and on this occasion the favourite daughter of one of the powerful chiefs had succumbed to fever. She was a fine-looking girl of twenty, and the pride of her father. She was wrapped in a rush mat, and with everything that had belonged to her in life was laid in a canoe and carried to the burying ground.

Then one of the chief's male slaves was bound hand and foot and laid alongside the dead girl in the canoe. A second mat was then wound round both of them, though the head of the slave was left exposed. Then the favourite horse of the girl was killed and laid alongside the canoe, and thus they were left on the high ground in the open air.

Three days after this ceremony had been performed, the grave would be again visited, and at this time, if the slave had not died, he would be strangled by another slave, who would put a cord about his neck. This would complete the burial service, and the party would again withdraw.

The place became one mass of bones and skulls, piled several feet high, covering many acres. It may still be seen and will last for many years to come, though it is many decades since an Indian burial took place there. This is where the skull vendor finds his wares.

"You seem to be much put out," said the maiden.
"I am, indeed," replied the poet. "My landlord called for the rent this morning."

HIS MODESTY.—Reader: "Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius?"
De Ruyter: "I'll ask my wife when I go home."

"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?"
"Yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."

MRS. MAY FAIR: "Good morning, Mr. Keane. I want to run in and see your wife. Is she at home?"
Mr. Par Keane: "Yes; she'll be at home all day. When I left she was trying to make up her mind to go out and have a tooth pulled."

FOOTER FACTS.

ELEVEN times this season have the Bolton Wanderers failed to score a single goal.

BURNLEY have not succeeded in adding a point to their League total at the expense of Stoke since the season 1893-4.

IN the three meetings this season between Reading and Southampton, the Pride of the South, the biscuit town has captured five points.

"GREENBACKS" is the now accepted nickname for the players of Brighton United, the professional club at "London-by-the-Sea."

STOKE is the oldest club of those playing in the League. It is by three years the senior of Sheffield Wednesday, which was formed in 1866.

IT is a curious fact that prior to January 7th not one of the five Bristol clubs had played a match at home this season without a goal being scored.

IN the last four matches in which the Wanderers from Bolton have met Sheffield Wednesday the Wanderers have not been able to net the ball on a single occasion.

THE English Cup is the veritable goose that lays the golden egg. Sheffield United have already shared in a matter of £4,200 derived from the ties, and they are still in the competition.

THE Football Association have resolved that in future the minimum charge for admission to all International contests, as well as to semi-final and final ties, shall be one shilling.

THE strongest Rugby club in England this season is the Gloucester F.C., who, within the space of six weeks, defeated Llanelli, Swansea, and Cardiff, a performance which no other English club has equalled.

CAN the following list be added to? Aston Villa has a player named Aston, there is a Berry in the Bury team, a Blackburn in the Blackburn Rovers, Bolton in Bolton Wanderers, and a Burton in Burton Swifts.

ARTHUR, the old Blackburn Rovers' custodian, had a strong partiality for broad check tweeds, and it is said that he was known on more than one occasion to take off his coat so that it might be used as a chess-board.

OUT of the fourteen men who had played for Aston Villa up to the opening of the New Year, no fewer than eleven of them have been absent from the team at different times through either injuries or indisposition.

FIVE hundred pounds was refused recently by a Scottish club for the transfer of their centre-forward. The offer emanated from Sheffield Wednesday, who are struggling to avoid enforced retirement into the Second Division of the League.

IN the twenty-five years which have passed since the contest for the Scottish Cup was started, only ten different names have been inscribed on the trophy. Queen's Park appears ten times, Vale of Leven and Rangers three times each.

THE strongest team in the League at the present moment is Liverpool. One has to go back to December 10th for their last defeat, and since Christmas Day they have only had their defence beaten twice both in League games and three rounds of the Cup-ties.

NOW that the old International, Tom Clare, who had the misfortune to break his leg early in the season, is again appearing in the Burslem Port Vale team, the back trio are all over six feet in height with a combined weight of nearly forty stone. Can this be beaten in League football?

PREVIOUS to their victory at Bolton on the 18th ult., Stoke had not won a League match on foreign soil since January 9th, 1897. On that occasion their defeated opponents were Burnley, the team destined to figure the following season in the Second League. It is curious that Bolton should also be in the same unfortunate position this season.

TO undergo sixteen hours incessant railway travelling immediately prior to taking part in an International trial match is an experience which few would care to have, and is probably a record of its kind. J. O. Matters and S. F. Cooper, who played for the South at Newcastle on the 25th ult., were unable to leave their college till Friday evening. They caught the 8 p.m. train from Plymouth to Paddington, h-r 1 to cab it to King's Cross, whence they proceeded at 5.15 a.m., arriving at Newcastle at noon.

FOOTBALLERS have been much amused by the contents of an article which appeared recently in a contemporary under the title, "Parsons as Footballers." Of the Rev. Frederick Marshall, author of the standard work on the Rugby game, and most bitter of all the opponents of professionalism, the writer said he is "one of the best referees employed by the Football Association, and during each year he officiates in this capacity at many of the most important League fixtures. His judgment is unerring, for Mr. Marshall knows the rules of the game, as few men in the British Isles know it (sic). At the meetings of the Association his opinion has always great weight."

Getting on in Years.

"A MAN does not have to be grey nor show a well-wrinkled countenance in order to show that age is creeping upon him with stealthy steps," said a young-looking man to P.W. the other day.

"I don't feel a day older than when I was twenty, and for that matter I don't show it either. But I know that the years are rolling by because I am less able to stand the noise of the children. It's a sure sign if you will but notice it."

"The rattle and roar of the city and the noise of machinery is music to me now as ever, but when I get home at night I like to find the children in bed, so that I can enjoy my dinner and cigar in peace."

"I know the voices of the children and their clamour should be as music, but it isn't, and I have to exert a great deal of self-control in order to put up with their romping; and there is no surer sign of the nervous irritability of growing age than the inability to tolerate the fun and noise of the children, who are bubbling over with mirth and mischief."

"It is an unfortunate condition, I know. The years pass swiftly, and all too soon I shall hear no babbling voices, for they will have become young men and young women, and doubtless I shall look back with regrets that I did not make more of the prattling youngsters while yet there was time."

"Yes, my boy, it's a serious stage in life when a man can't stand the laughter and the shouts, or enter into the sports and joyous merriment of his children. It's a sad reflection, and there is no surer sign that he is getting on in years."

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 25.

THE best attempts in this competition contain one mistake, and the prize of £25 is therefore divided between Mr. EDWARD BIRD, of Wesley Place, Morpeth, and Mr. F. W. MAKER, Hensingham, Whitehaven.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 26.

SEVEN competitors this week come nearest the mark with two mistakes. The prize of £25 has therefore been divided amongst them. They are:

THOMAS RICHARD, 70 Eldon Road, Cardiff.
H. SHOPLAND, 51 Gayville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
J. HENDERSON, Callander, Perthshire.
DANIEL DUFFY, R.I. Constabulary Pensioner, Thompson Home, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, Ireland.
S. MCKINIS, 77 Leyton Park Road, Leyton, E.
M. SMITH, 7 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C.
H. EAST, 304 Berkhamstead Road, Chesham, Bucks.

Football Prizes of
£1,000, £100, £25.

THE Football Clubs named below play on Saturday, March 18th. To the reader who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided.
If no competitor gives a quite correct solution TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS will be divided amongst those nearest. If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Football Coupon No. 29.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 18th.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing clubs. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Stoke | 2 Derby County. |
| 3 Liverpool | 4 Sheffield United. |
| 5 Bolton Wanderers | 6 Newcastle United. |
| 7 West Bromwich Albion | 8 Burnley. |
| 9 Blackburn Rovers | 10 Aston Villa. |
| 11 Sunderland | 12 Notts County. |
| 13 Wolverhampton Wan. | 14 Everton. |
| 15 Small Heath | 16 Leicester Fosse. |
| 17 Walsall | 18 Manchester City. |
| 19 Newton Heath | 20 New Brighton. |
| 21 Gravesend | 22 Millwall. |
| 23 Royal Artillery | 24 Bristol City. |
| 25 Tottenham Hotspur | 26 New Brompton. |
| 27 Glentoran | 28 Linfield (Irish Cup Final). |
| 29 Wales | 30 Ireland. |
| 31 Castleford | 32 Halifax. |

Name.....
Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or PASTIMES. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, March 18th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, March 17th, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "FOOTBALL No. 29," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Have you seen the new football coupon in PASTIMES? It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Each copy of PASTIMES contains a coupon available for eighteen extra forecasts. There is no need for you to send a shilling to us for a sheet of twenty coupons, unless you prefer to do so. It will come cheaper and save the trouble of letter-writing to buy a copy of PASTIMES and fill in the coupon for just as many attempts as you care to make.

HOME NOTES is never flat and should make you sharp. It brings harmony into the home, and will settle all crochets and quavers.

BUNDERBY'S BOYS AND I.

A Narrative with Variations.

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

CHAPTER XIII.

I AM DISCHARGED WITH A CAUTION.

THE conviction was gradually dawning upon me that as a disciplinarian I was not a glittering success. And it seemed to me that, even with increased experience, I did not stand much chance of scoring heavily in this very special branch of industry. The boys, who had the advantage of being able to survey me from the outside, as it were, had probably come to this conclusion long since; but then it is a well-known fact of science that other people notice our shortcomings a good deal more quickly than we notice them ourselves. By this rule there can be little doubt that long before I had started vaguely wondering whether the boys had noticed anything or not, they themselves had definitely settled in their own minds that as an assistant-master I was a rather cheap line of goods.

I had known all along, of course, that I did not count with them for half as much as Dr. Bunderby. The experience of any single morning's class work would have convinced any one of that simple truth. But as long as they refrained from rising in a body in the hope that by sheer force of numbers they would be able to brutally maltreat me and thus assert their supremacy it seemed to me that I at least counted for something.

My great trouble was that I did not, perhaps, properly understand the fighting qualities of the average, mule-headed boy. When one is harassed by a grown-up man a threat of desperate personal violence will very often cause the opposition to drift into a peaceful train of thought. But the average boy doesn't drift worth talking about. I have stood up before that class and threatened to cane an offender all raw and reduce him to one solid mass of human suffering, but the deal always ended, as far as I was concerned, in a profit on the wrong side.

The offender in such cases would practically challenge me to put my threat into execution, apparently aware that caning boys raw is an achievement for which I have not been gifted by nature. Martin Luther used to say that his schoolmaster always bowed to his scholars on entering the class-room, because some one or two among those boys might have been great men in embryo. I don't fancy, however, there were any juvenile Luthers in my class; and if I had adapted myself to the old schoolmaster's rule of treating boys according to their possible developments I think I should have begun well by hanging a couple of my lot to start the morning with.

I think myself it wants a man with a bad memory to become a successful schoolmaster. It wants a man who can forget that he was ever a graceless young ruffian himself, whose youth has been left so far behind him that he has forgotten that he ever had any. My drawback was that I am not a person with a large towering mind, and what I have got is only just out of the boyhood stage. When any particularly exciting game or adventure was on, my heart was with the boys right or wrong from the first. It was not until I had straightened myself up with a jerk, as it were, that I was able to survey the prospect from the standpoint of mature discretion.

The examinations were all over, and the holidays were approaching, and the Doctor and I and the boys and Miss Bunderby were all on excellent terms with each other and ourselves. So much so, in fact, that one afternoon the boys arranged a cricket match among themselves, and then a deputation waited on me to ask if I would take a hand in the game.

I said at first that I didn't think it was possible. And then I caught sight of a new bat that had just been sent to Colville from home, and the new red ball that the school club had purchased for a forthcoming match with another club, and I felt tempted. I remembered, however, the Doctor's attitude when he had met me frivolling on the giant's stride in the days of my novitiate, and it seemed a little doubtful whether I should succeed in wringing from him his consent to the innovation.

Still, as a successful man of business once explained to his hopeful son as the secret of his success, there are lots of things lost in this world for the want of asking. I approached Dr. Bunderby and laid the case before him. I gave him in general terms to understand that I was not conspiring to wreck the decorum of his establishment or to undermine the generally accepted canons of propriety. All that I desired was to play a game of cricket with the boys—which, I suggested, was not altogether an unusual thing for an assistant-master to do.

The worthy Doctor listened to me most courteously, and even smiled good-humouredly as he explained that there was no precedent in his school to justify his assistant-master in mingling with the boys as their equal in such a way. He evidently imagined that I was so far superior to the boys that my dignity would suffer if I should condescend to join in their game; whereas, the boys, I knew, were confident that of the two they were infinitely superior, and doubtless they considered that they had paid me a great honour in inviting me to mingle with them, if only for a half-hour, on terms of superficial equality.

I assured the Doctor that I was perfectly willing to undertake the responsibility of creating the precedent, and if he would let it go at that he wouldn't have to bother about it any more. After a moment's reflection the old gentleman somewhat reluctantly withdrew his objection, and for the moment I became one of the boys. And in order that authority might be represented in the playground he said he would go out and watch the game himself.

The boys received my announcement that I would join their game with knowing smiles. Doubtless they pictured themselves knocking my wickets down at the first try, or scoring runs innumerable from my indifferent bowling. They reckoned, probably, that I knew no more about cricket than I did about maintaining discipline; but that is where they were out in their figures. To be able to play at cricket is not a particularly useful or beneficial accomplishment, and consequently it was one in which I had taken some pains to excel. I am unfortunately built like that, and the tree has grown as the twig was bent.

There were fifteen of us available for the game, and by way of arranging preliminaries, I made what I believe is usually known as "a sporting offer"—to match myself and four of the boys against the remaining ten. The offer was first of all received with a pained expression, and, subsequently, with open derision. The idea that I, a mere authority on Roman History, should presume to suggest that I was as good as six well-informed boys where cricket was concerned was regarded as bravado bordering on gratuitous effrontery. Nevertheless, I stuck to my point; and as it seemed to occur to the boys, after brief deliberation, that to yield to my suggestion would help to hasten my complete humiliation, they gave way.

Accordingly I took Hawkins and three of the other boys, while Colville captained the other side. I was handicapped a little at the start owing to the Doctor's severe views of propriety. The boys threw off their coats, and I naturally commenced to discard mine. Then the Doctor called over to me in his benign way that perhaps it would be more suitable if I kept my coat on. I had of course no alternative but to comply, and I buttoned my coat as closely round me as possible, and tried to look resigned and cheerful at the prospect.

The game began, and by degrees it became very exciting—very exciting indeed. I emphasise this point in my own defence, as I am most anxious to let myself down as lightly as possible. I do not want to have the notion get abroad that I am a low, sinful person, whose chief delight is to trespass on nicer precincts and undermine the piety of the young. I have no qualifications for a steady job of this sort. As an underminer I doubt if I could earn board wages anywhere. I therefore repeat that it was a most exciting game.

We had, as already stated, five on our side against ten on the other, and I had practically undertaken with my little lot to twist the opposition all up. As a matter of fact, however, it was a tougher twist than I had bargained for, though I am confident I should have come out ahead if the deplorable accident had not happened. By "accident" I mean the unguarded expression of mine that splintered the game into unrecognisable fragments.

The other side went in first and made a very fair score. And then my side went in, and finally we got the game down to the last lap, as it were. Hawkins and I were in together. He was my last man, and we had twenty runs to make. Under feverishly exciting circumstances of this kind the politician's work of holding together a threatened government or a tottering dynasty is mere child's play.

I conjured Hawkins piteously not to give himself away and lose the game for us. I warned him against shutting his eyes before lashing out at the ball, and I did all I could to impress upon him that it was his business to merely guard his wicket and to leave me to do the sloggling. In this way we made ten out of the twenty runs, and the excitement was getting positively cruel.

Then the tragedy happened. I got a lovely little ball to leg. It was just that soft, inviting kind of ball that obligingly rises up to a convenient height as it comes within striking distance, and it seems to jump of its own accord on the part of the bat that will plug it most conclusively. I absolutely yelped with glee as I swung round and caught it a tremendous swipe. Instantly shouting to Hawkins to run his hardest, I plunged towards the opposite wicket. At the same moment there was a gorgeous sound of broken glass and Hawkins stopped short on the pitch.

"Run!" I shrieked madly, pushing him towards my own wicket.

"Please, sir," he said in a scared tone, "the ball's gone through the study window."

"Oh, d— the study window!" I yelled. "This is a sizer. Run, you idiot!"

Hawkins did not run. He stood stock still and looked at me in a dazed sort of way for a second or so, and then Dr. Bunderby, pale, but calm, joined in the rather heated debate.

"Let us go into the house, Mr. Smith," he said. "I have something to say to you."

I dropped my bat with a crestfallen air, and then I remembered my unfortunate remark. Clearly I had hurt the Doctor's feelings beyond expression, and I was very sorry about it. Of course, he could hardly have been expected to appreciate the extreme provocation I received. I readily admit that the use of the expression was wrong, and without the least desire to condone my offence I apologised most freely to the old man for it. At the same time I trust that this single offence is not going to be allowed to irretrievably stain a moral character which I have always tried to keep fresh and sweet. I have never set up in the archangel business for the want of the kind of dry goods that form the stock-in-trade of this branch of commerce; neither have I ever sought to claim that I was built by nature for a saint. On mature deliberation I doubt very much when I could even honestly affirm that I am morally superior to the ordinary run of people.

Yet for this single unprecedented offence the Doctor addressed me at some length in terms which seemed to indicate his firm conviction that I was a kind of moral leper, whereas I am not in that line at all. That Dr. Bunderby was a man of exceptional piety, I know well; and that he was a kind and benevolent old soul as well, I have always been ready to admit. That's what made me so sorry to hurt his feelings. But there are extenuating circumstances. I have not always lived in the cloister and the schoolroom. I have been out into the world and seen things—and heard

things. And if Dr. Bunderby was unspeakably pained at my one false step, I wonder what he would feel like if he paid a visit to a printing office, as I did once, just as a compositor had dropped a square foot of carefully set type on the floor, thus resolving it once more into its literal fragments, and is addressing his view of the tragedy to no one in particular, but very loudly and in large quantities. I think Dr. Bunderby would have to be carried out from such a painful scene. He would certainly never have the strength to walk.

The Doctor spoke to me at some length in the study, until, to save him the trouble of exhausting the resources of his vocabulary, I said that I had felt for some time that my position in the school was a little illogical, and as this incident seemed to offer an excuse for parting, we might as well take a fond leave of each other. I had felt somewhat hurt at his refusal to accept my apology, and when he went on to say that I had betrayed the solemn trust reposed in me, that I had tarnished my good name, and had forfeited my right to the title of gentleman, I had some difficulty in refraining from telling him that he was another, and a poor specimen at that. But I am glad I refrained, for, after all, his excessive propriety was the gentle old man's only fault, and I shall always continue to respect him.

Miss Bunderby was a little taken aback at my sudden departure. She promised, at my request, to have my things sent on in order that I might not delay going at once; and then, gathering courage, she ventured to ask me as I stood in the hall what it was that had so abruptly terminated my labours. I explained to her that I had in a heated moment made a slight relapse into regrettable profanity.

Miss Bunderby looked serious and raised her eyebrows. Then she pursed her lips, and glanced nervously at her father who was just visible as he sat in his study at the end of the hall. Finally, she asked in a hoarse whisper:

"What was it? D?"

I could scarcely repress a smile as I nodded acquiescence, and tried to look penitent.

"Dear, dear," she murmured. "It's very shocking. But really, do you know Mr. Smith, I have more than once been tempted to say it myself. Good-bye. I'm sorry you're going. Good-bye."

And then, with a cordial bow to Miss Bunderby, I turned away, and wondering as I went whether the strange glitter in the good creature's eye was the effect of a tear or just part of the singularly third-rate system on which she had been built.

THE END.

"We are terribly cramped for space in our flat."

"That so?"

"Yes: we even have to use the family skeleton as the hatrack."

MOTH: "I overheard some callers saying this room is furnished in execrable taste."

Other Moth: "Why, the idea! I never ate more palatable upholstery in my life!"

JACK WINNER (after the races): "Come, hurry up, old man; aren't you going home?"

Billy Gottlieb: "No, not to-day."

Jack: "What the dickens can you do here until to-morrow?"

Billy: "Wait for my horses to finish."

"SPEAKING of applying the artistic to ordinary duties," said the ablest liar in the club, "reminds me of my unmarried aunt, Ophelia, with whom I lived when I was a youngster."

"She used sometimes to do such a fine job of making the beds that she would make us kids sleep on the floor because she hadn't the heart to see her work spoilt."

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

WITHOUT doubt there are many readers of P.W. who heartily sympathise with the FRESH AIR FUND, but are unable to subscribe to it. It is now possible for them to do so, for everybody must use soap. To help the Fund, Messrs. Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Company Limited, have promised to hand over a farthing on every 2½d. bar of their "Fresh Air" soap sold in the United Kingdom during the current year. It can be had from the vendors of such commodities all over the country. But if any of our readers experience difficulty in getting supplies, they should write to the Company, at 64 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

THE LAST DAY IS MONDAY, MARCH 20th!

AMONGST the many, many thousands of readers of P.W., there are surely several who very closely resemble one another, and I want to find out who they are. For this purpose I am going to ask you to send in your photograph to this office, and I shall give a sovereign to each of the five pairs of competitors who look most alike—£10 in all.

It will be a very interesting thing to you to find whether there is any person who weekly peruses the same pages as yourself and who bears a strong facial resemblance to you. This you can now find out by sending in your photograph.

The competition will remain open until Monday, March 20th, and all attempts must be sent in envelopes marked "LIKENESS." If the photographs are to be returned, each must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope sufficiently large to carry them. Under no circumstances will they be returned if stamps alone are sent. While every endeavour will be made to guard against loss or damage, the Editor does not make himself responsible for either.

Playing at Barber.

A FATHER TELLS HOW HE CUT HIS SON'S HAIR.

"It may be a failing, but there's no denying that it is a fact a father cannot always look upon his son's hair as a matter of adornment, especially when it becomes long and scraggy, full of wood-chips, nails, burrs, and feathers.

"When the boy's hair is so long that the owner bears the appearance of a somewhat youthful Hamlet or a rival Paderewski, the inevitable has to be faced, and father plays at barber.

"No one ever had speaking acquaintance with a boy who thought the time had arrived to part with his hair, and the man who uses any other method than coercion in dealing with the matter is a born fool. I 'bearded the lion' when he returned from school, and announced my determination to cut his hair forthwith," writes a correspondent.

"The promises he made and vowed to honourably keep if I would only postpone the matter for a week were without number, but I was determined, and full of liquid grief the subject of my operations was firmly bolted in a chair, and, to prevent a neighbourhood alarm, I took the precaution to put a soft gag in his mouth. Coat off, sleeves turned up, I started with the curry comb, and the result of ten minutes' labour was a goodly collection of buttons, pins, tacks, and other articles incidental to a boy's everyday life.

"Having prepared the way, so to speak, the scissors were brought into operation, and without reference to angles, lines or style, I mowed away from back to front and side to side. An occasional piece of wire is certainly an impediment, and I must confess to losing time in not disfiguring my boy for life by snipping off his ear, which one is apt to do when they are hidden and it is only by the finching of the subject—for he remembered that he is gagged—that one becomes acquainted as to their whereabouts.

"No one should be more than half-an-hour in robbing an average boy of his capillary substance, but the job should not be scamped, for a lot of nails or the missing of a lump of toffee is apt to damage the new hat which follows a hair-cut as a necessity, not a comfort. It then takes an additional ten minutes to identify him as the same boy, and when the door is opened the boy shoots into the street and there gains the consolation of his schoolmates."

'ARRY: "I suppose photography's a gift, guv'nor, ain't it?"
Photographer: "I should think so—at three-and-six a dozen."

Miss GUSH: "Oh! captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?"

Captain Storms: "Yes, he charged me two guineas a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor."

Miss MITTENS: "What does this mean, Mr. Brotherton?"

Mr. Brotherton: "These? Oh, these are just a few socks, underclothes, and coats that want mending!"

Miss Mittens: "But—?"

Mr. Brotherton: "You promised to be a sister to me last night, you know; and my sister used to do all my mending before she was married."

RESULT OF THE "CIRCLE" COMPETITION.

Mr. A. HOGARTH,
13 Cupid Street, off Belmont Road,
Liverpool,

is the winner of the first prize in this competition, having sent in the best sentence in accordance with the rules of the competition.

The winning sentence is: "And as baby's frolic yields to 'mid-nod,' the Sandman bids the sweetest angels watch well o'er the white lids of baby till the dawn."—Taken from page 1, column 2, poem "Rest Time Song," lines 7 to 15.

The following have each received a copy of "Valdar the Oft-Born":

T. Spencer, Holly Nook, Salisbury Green, Southampton; Jas. Wilkinson, 18 Fernbank Street, Green Lane, Shipley, Yorkshire; E. Brookfield, 21 South Road, Smethwick; W. Gibbs, Larkstone, Short Hill, Leytonstone, N.E.; D. W. Barr, 45 Glover St., Perth, N.B.; W. F. Jackson, 22 Kendal Lane, Leeds; G. Wynne-Penwyn, New Theatre, Radcliffe; E. J. Gross, jun., 69 Mill Hill Road, Norwich; H. Harris, Colour Sergeant, 2nd Bat., Gloucester Regiment, Fort Regent, Jersey; W. Layfield, Wollaton Road, Irchester, Northants; T. H. Danmatt, 4 Acra Lane, Eccleshill, Bradford; J. Braidwood, 7 Selwyns, Edinburgh; Miss Ada Woodruff, The Vedw, Maesau, Newport, Mon.; Mr. T. Beavan, of Fernside, St. Andrew's Road, Deal; H. Ho'bonds, The Golden Boot, Horley, Surrey; J. Walker, 126 New Cross Road, S.E.; W. Lee, 180 Shaw Heath, Stockport; C. Harris, "Ellesmere," Staney Road, Weston-super-Mare; Jas. Russell, 40 Elkington Street, Birmingham; B. Barnes, Moorfield, Millarow, near Roehdale; G. K. Stubbs, 53 Hyde Road, Gorton, Manchester; Mrs. C. Guthrie, Camden Villa, Farnham Road, Rydenham, S.E.; W. Harkness, Borena P.O., Dungeness, Kent; A. Honeyman, 38 Dixon Road, Crosshill, Glasgow; F. J. Ethelington, 74 Hythe Road, Swindon, Wilts.

How to Eat a Mango.

SOME people take to olives, caviare, and complicated cheese by a sort of instinct, and without any preliminary training. They only serve as a hinted proof of the doctrine of heredity and atavism.

Anyone who has lived in the tropics may in time cultivate a taste for the mango, but, as a rule, it has to be born in one.

Aside from its peculiar flavour, there is a trick in the eating of a mango which is difficult to acquire. It is usually necessary to take a bath after eating one, by reason of the abundance of juice that squirts and falls about one.

The mango is a fruit about the size of a large apple, and something in the shape of a pear that has taken a somersault and landed with the big end on the stem. In colour it is a rich and dark green, with a blotch of salmon on one side.

It is impossible to bite into it as one would into an apple for two reasons: the skin is too tough, and the stone is fully half as large as the whole fruit.

The skin must first be nibbled carefully away, for it is too juicy to be pared. When a portion of the red pulp is disclosed, it must be sucked away until the stone is reached.

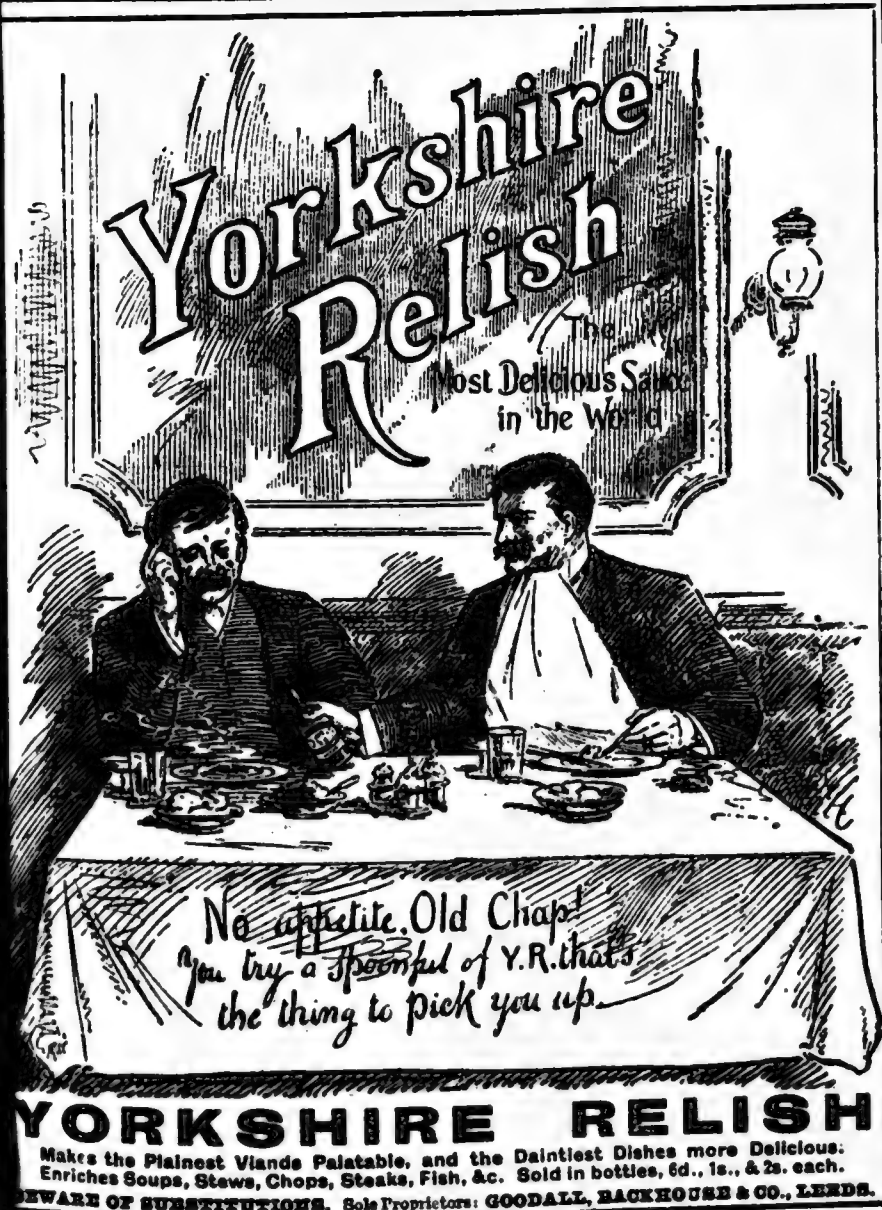
The next feat is to get the rest of the pulp in the mouth while leaving the remainder of the skin outside. In this ungraceful operation one soon learns that the mango belongs to the natural order of cling-stone fruits.

If you eat one mango, it will certainly be necessary to take a good wash afterwards. If you indulge in several, you will have to take a bath and change your clothes in order to get rid of the superabundance of juice and pulp that will smear the face and hands, despite all precautions.

The flavour of the mango is supposed to be delicious. If you will take a large juicy plum and soak it in turpentine for twenty-four hours you can make a very good imitation of this fruit without going to the tropics for it.

After once acquiring a taste for the fruit most people consider it the finest product of the tropics, and they declare they can distinguish a dozen different varieties of the mango by the varying strength of the turpentine.

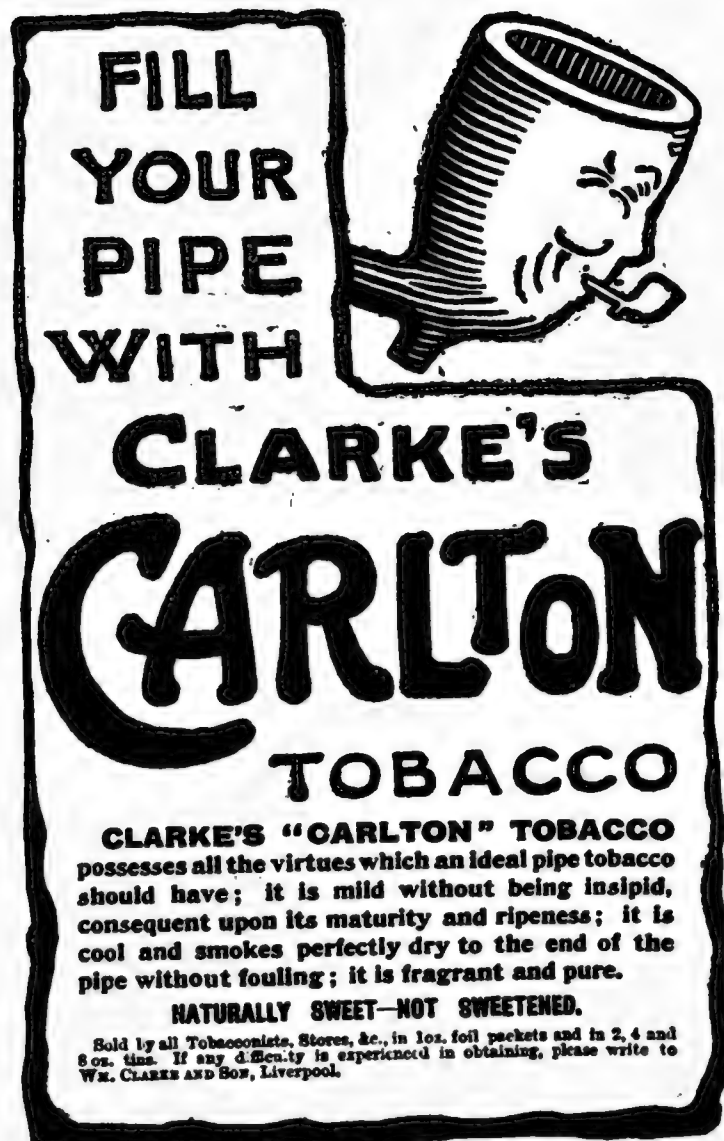
But no amount of cultivation of the taste will ever solve the real trick of the juicy, sloppy fruit—that is, to eat it without requiring a bath afterwards.



Yorkshire Relish
The Most Delicious Sauce in the World

No appetite, Old Chap!
You try a Spoonful of Y.R. that's
the thing to pick you up.

YORKSHIRE RELISH
Makes the Plainest Viands Palatable, and the Daintiest Dishes more Delicious.
Enriches Soups, Stews, Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c. Sold in bottles, 6d., 1s., & 2s. each.
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CLARKE'S "CARLTON" TOBACCO possesses all the virtues which an ideal pipe tobacco should have; it is mild without being insipid, consequent upon its maturity and ripeness; it is cool and smokes perfectly dry to the end of the pipe without fouling; it is fragrant and pure.

NATURALLY SWEET—NOT SWEETENED.

Sold by all Tobaccoists, Stores, &c., in 1oz. foil packets and in 2, 4 and 6 oz. tins. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write to Wm. Clarke and Son, Liverpool.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Cockroaches dislike turpentine, so sprinkle it freely where they congregate, and they will speedily disappear.

A Glass of Milk which is to be drunk cold, should always have a pinch of salt added to it, to render it more palatable and also more easily digested.

Before Washing Paint always dust it thoroughly, and when washing it only use tepid water. If the paint be varnished, quite cold water is best, and a little ammonia may be dissolved in it.

Tomato Rice is an excellent dish. Take some plain boiled rice which is nice and dry, place it in a sauce-pan with a lump of butter, add as much tomato sauce as the rice will absorb, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix thoroughly, and keep stirring over the fire till the rice is hot. Serve piled on a hot dish.

A Waterproof Blacking which my readers have always liked is made by mixing sixty parts of bone black with forty-five of syrup. This is diluted with twelve parts of strong vinegar, and then gradually add twelve parts of sulphuric acid. Stand this for seven days after mixing, and then add twelve parts of caoutchouc oil. (Reply to WILLCOX.)

Linseed Tea is the only recipe I can give of the description you require. Make it as follows, and you will find it is a very nourishing drink: Take three tablespoonfuls of whole linseed, add one pint of water, and boil for ten minutes. Strain off the water, and pour it into a jug containing two sliced lemons. Flavour to taste with honey or brown sugar, and a wineglassful of any wine preferred. (Reply to HERITAGE.)

Try Oranges in Syrup. Peel six or eight oranges very thinly and remove the pith. Put the rind of three of the oranges into a gill of water and boil it for ten minutes. Strain the water from the peel, and add to it six ounces of loaf sugar. Boil until it is a thick syrup, then drop the quarters of oranges into it, taking care not to break the skin. Cook for a few moments and turn into a basin. When cold serve in a glass dish with a little whipped cream.

PAPER
PATTERN
FREE

A Paper Pattern for either of these Charming Designs for Spring can be had

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

SEE THIS
WEEK'S
HOME
NOTES.

Fuller instructions as to cutting out and making up given by "Isobel" in the Fashion Supplement issued with Home Notes.

A Paper Pattern of any of the attractive designs can be had Free.

When Boiling Fresh Vegetables remove the scum that rises as fast as it comes up, for if it is allowed to settle, the vegetables will have a nasty shade on them.

If Washing Blue is Gritty it is a sign that it is adulterated. It should always be tied in a flannel bag kept for the purpose, and must be used very judiciously. (Reply to ELGIN.)

Your Toffee was a Failure because you cooked it over too strong a fire. The most successful toffee I ever made was cooked over a spirit lamp, which had a most modest flame. (Reply to A. J.)

To Remove Fresh Ink Stains from Sheets. Before the ink is dry sprinkle it with salt, and rub with half a fresh lemon, or even the squeezed rind. Rinse the acid off, and wash at once.

Prepare your Curry Powder at home from the following recipe. First weigh out the following ingredients, then thoroughly dry, pound, and mix them. Eight ounces of turmeric, six ounces of coriander seeds, three ounces of fenugreek, three ounces of cumin, three ounces of cardamoms, one ounce of white peppercorns, one ounce of cloves, and quarter ounce of cayenne.

Cornflour and Rhubarb Pudding. Stew some pink rhubarb with sugar to taste, adding as little water as possible. Butter a pie-dish and scatter breadcrumbs over the bottom. Prepare some cornflour as for blancmange, pour a layer of it while hot over the rhubarb, scatter fine breadcrumbs over the top, with little bits of butter on it. Brown in a sharp oven, dust caster sugar over, and serve hot.

Save all Pieces of Common Soap till the washing day, then cut small, place in an old sauce-pan, cover with soft water, and boil till dissolved. With this jelly make a lather for washing the flannels, stockings, etc. Another way of using these odds-and-ends which so constantly are wasted is to have a small calico bag, and drop all into it. Tie up this bag on washing day and place it in the copper with the clothes.

Tripe with Fried Bacon. For this dish it is necessary to have boiled tripe which has been cooked slowly till tender. First fry as many slices of bacon as you wish to serve, have the tripe cut into neat squares, roll in flour and cook in the bacon fat till a nice brown. Those who like cooked apples should fry a few slices in the bacon fat before the tripe. To serve, have a very hot dish, set the cooked tripe in the centre, and round it arrange the fried bacon and apples.

When Teaching a Young Child Music do not expect it to sit at the piano for more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. In a child this will be sufficient for the day, but as the interest in music grows, this may be supplemented by another lesson or two. Till a child is fully developed, never allow a longer practice than half an hour. I consider the hour that you are now insisting on is enough to cause your child's dislike of the piano. (Reply to MRS. EVEN.)

Scallops are now in season, and will prove very excellent if carefully cooked. Suppose you have a dozen scallops; place in a sauce-pan, add a pinch of salt and sufficient cold water to cover them. After the water boils up, simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, and then drain the fish. Place on a board, and cut into small pieces. Have ready buttered some scallop shells, and put in each a layer of breadcrumbs; then place a layer of the cut fish, season with a squeeze of lemon juice, pepper and salt. Add a good tablespoonful of melted-butter sauce, scatter breadcrumbs over, and bake till the crumbs are a delicate brown. Serve the scallop shells very hot, arranged in a folded napkin.

To Cook Liver Nicely, I consider, is quite an art. The mistake many make is in cutting the liver too thick; it should be about one-third of an inch thick. After cutting in slices, wash the liver quickly and set to drain. Roll each piece in seasoned flour and fry slowly in bacon fat, turning constantly so that the edges are never dried up. The bacon for this dish should be cooked quickly and all fat drained off it, as it will be required for the liver. An American dish of liver I tasted lately was excellent. Some sliced onions were fried till brown, taken up and placed on a hot plate, and then small slices of liver were directly fried in the same pan, lightly seasoned with pepper and salt. When the liver is browned on both sides return the onions to the pan, cook all together till the liver is done, and serve on a hot dish with a border of nicely-boiled haricot beans. The fashion of frying liver in egg and breadcrumbs, like cutlets, has many good points, and always results in a popular dish.

March 18th. Make a note of it in your pocket-book.

On that day a Special Competition for Men, Women, and Children commences. Over a hundred prizes are offered—handsome ones, including a Singer Sewing Machine, value £10, and a handsome Electro-plated Teapot.

If you wish to know more about this competition, go at once to your newsagent and order the Spring Double Number of HOME NOTES. The price is only 2d., and the edition is limited.

With this number a Sixteen-page Supplement of Fashions (in which every pattern is Gratis) will be presented. The paper pattern of a blouse will also be found in every copy, with full directions for making and cutting-out.

This will give you an idea of the reading matter:

An Illustrated Article on "EASTER EGGS: HOW TO MAKE AND DECORATE THEM."

A Charming Story, "THE ADMIRAL'S LITTLE ACCIDENT," by Miss May Crommelin.

"HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY CARDS."

A Special New Series, "THE FOLDING OF SERVIETTES," with Diagrams and Illustrations.

Another Complete Story and part of a Serial.

"CYCLING NOTES," with Suggestions for an Easter Tour.

And—

But you will see the rest for yourselves when you buy the Number.

This Orange Marmalade Recipe is one I al-

ways use and feel sure that you will appreciate. Slice thinly a dozen Seville oranges and two lemons. To every pound of pulp allow three pints of cold water. Let this stand for twenty-four hours, then boil till the chips are tender and clear. I leave till next day in a china-lined pan. To every pound of boiled fruit allow one pound and a quarter of lump sugar. Boil, stirring constantly, till the syrup jellies and the chips are quite clear. The great point in marmalade-making is to slice the oranges very thinly. Sharp knives must be used for the work, or, in addition to getting thick pieces, the juice will be squeezed out in the process of cutting. (Reply to S. D. HEADINGTON.)

To Make a Fricassee of veal, rabbit, or fowl, follow this recipe and you will no longer have the failures you speak of. For a dainty dish butter is essential, but if you wish to be very economical substitute clarified beef dripping. First dissolve two tablespoonfuls of butter in a sauce-pan with a small sliced onion and a little piece of fat bacon cut into dice. Directly the butter is melted stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, working it thoroughly into the fat. Cook all over a slow fire for five minutes, taking care that it does not become brown. Then add by degrees a third of a pint of white stock, stirring quickly all the time, and then a third of a pint of boiled milk. Do not stop stirring till the sauce is smooth and thick; then put the sauce-pan to the side of the stove where the sauce can cook very gently. Season all with a small blade of mace, white pepper, salt, and a strip of lemon peel. When the sauce has cooked thus for about a quarter of an hour, pass it through a gravy-strainer into a stew-pan. Having prepared the meat by removing all skin and browned parts away, cut it into convenient pieces, place in the stew-pan, and cook very slowly for an hour to an hour and a half. Serve the fricassee with a garnish of fried rolls of bacon. (Reply to DANDY.)

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Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, March 16, if intended for the issue on sale March 25 and dated April 1. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1899. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
M 1 9 15 22 29 T 2 10 16 23 30 W 3 11 17 24 31 T 4 12 18 25 F 5 13 19 26 S 6 14 20 27	M 1 10 16 23 30 T 2 11 17 24 31 W 3 12 18 25 T 4 13 19 26 F 5 14 20 27 S 6 15 21 28	M 1 10 16 23 30 T 2 11 17 24 31 W 3 12 18 25 T 4 13 19 26 F 5 14 20 27 S 6 15 21 28	M 2 9 15 22 29 T 3 10 16 23 30 W 4 11 17 24 31 T 5 12 18 25 F 6 13 19 26 S 7 14 20 27	M 1 8 14 21 28 T 2 9 15 22 29 W 3 10 16 23 30 T 4 11 17 24 31 F 5 12 18 25 S 6 13 19 26	M 1 8 14 21 28 T 2 9 15 22 29 W 3 10 16 23 30 T 4 11 17 24 31 F 5 12 18 25 S 6 13 19 26	M 2 9 15 22 29 T 3 10 16 23 30 W 4 11 17 24 31 T 5 12 18 25 F 6 13 19 26 S 7 14 20 27	M 2 9 15 22 29 T 3 10 16 23 30 W 4 11 17 24 31 T 5 12 18 25 F 6 13 19 26 S 7 14 20 27	M 3 10 16 23 30 T 4 11 17 24 31 W 5 12 18 25 T 6 13 19 26 F 7 14 20 27 S 8 15 21 28	M 3 10 16 23 30 T 4 11 17 24 31 W 5 12 18 25 T 6 13 19 26 F 7 14 20 27 S 8 15 21 28	M 3 10 16 23 30 T 4 11 17 24 31 W 5 12 18 25 T 6 13 19 26 F 7 14 20 27 S 8 15 21 28	

Praise from a Chemist.

"In future it will be a conscientious duty and a pleasure to handle Scott's Emulsion."



MAUD GERTRUDE SHEPHERD.

persons outside of the medical profession are as well qualified to determine the value of a preparation as chemists. The chemist handles every available drug and remedy, and becomes familiar with each. We, therefore, are very much gratified to tell you of a leading chemist in Ireland says of Scott's Emulsion. He writes as follows:

Medical Hall, Waterside,
Londonderry, Ireland,
September 19th, 1898.

Gentlemen.—During the winter of 1898, my daughter, aged eight years, fallen into a low condition of health, was so weak that her life was in danger. Having tried almost every preparation considered suitable for the treatment of such cases, cod-liver oil emulsions by other persons without the desired effect, a friend connected with the craft pointed me to the benefit a child of his derived from the use of Scott's Emulsion. By his advice recourse was had to your medicine, from which the sufferer received great beneficial results, and improved in health and strength from the commencement of this

medicine, and is at present, I am thankful to state, in the enjoyment of excellent health. In future it will be a conscientious duty and a pleasure to handle Scott's Emulsion, and to recommend it, having every confidence in it, owing to the facts above stated. It is, in my opinion, the most satisfactory preparation of its kind.—Yours gratefully,

(Signed) J. SHEPHERD, Chemist.

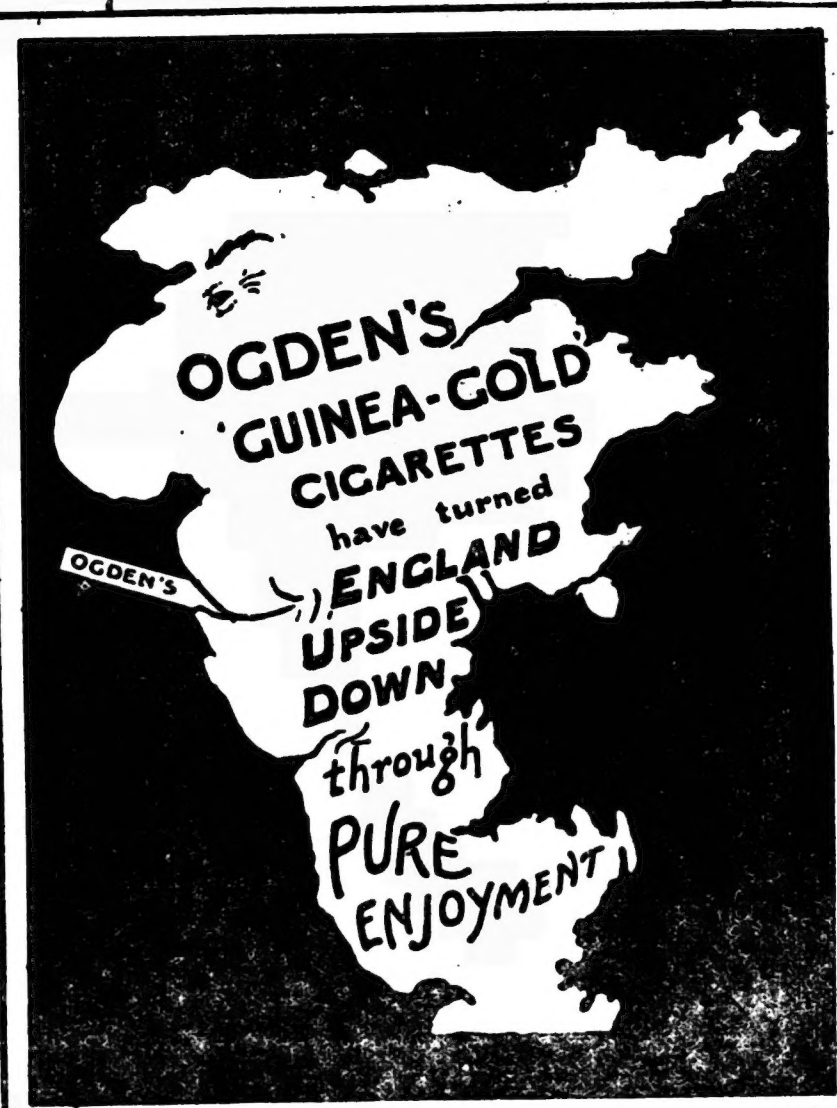
The experience of Mr. Shepherd is the common experience of everybody who tries Scott's Emulsion. This preparation convinces you in spite of yourself. It possesses merits which other preparations do not possess, and it easily cures cases where others are of no avail. Scott's Emulsion combines cod-liver oil and hypophosphites and glycerine into a perfect and palatable emulsion. It is easy on the digestive organs, and quickly restores flesh, strength, and energy to the system.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.



FOR OVERWORK.

In London, in Paris, and in all big towns young women whose health is being undermined through long hours and excessive work, resulting in Anaemia, should use but one remedy—a few doses of Fer Bravais, which can be had of all Chemists and Druggists.



COURT OF APPEAL.

F. G. M. makes an attack on what he describes as "the silly habit of ticket clipping" on our railways. "What end does it serve?" he asks. "They don't save the pieces they clip out, and more often than not your ticket is not clipped at all. What rule or reason is there for the practice?" To prevent unscrupulous persons from using the tickets again. Suppose that you manage to avoid giving up a ticket at your journey's end; if you liked to use it again from the starting point, the chances are that you could do so without difficulty. This would be impossible if the man at the gate examined the date stamped on the ticket, but it is obviously a quicker process to clip the cardboard. At some stations the clipping is not systematically performed, but this is probably because the officials know that the tickets will be carefully collected at the destination. I know a station where the tickets are not clipped once in a month, but they are always collected from passengers alighting at that station. I have also seen the collector clip a ticket that had not suffered that mutilation at the starting point.

W. H. G. has observed for several years past that it is always colder on Monday morning than on any other day of the week. He wants to know whether I have noticed the same thing. I confess I haven't. Probably the reason is that W. H. G. does not take any exercise during the week-end, and eats more than he does during the week. If so, his circulation would be in a lower state than usual, and he would feel any cold air there may be about on Monday more readily than on any other morning.

LENA asks me what is the correct form of a letter to inclose with a manuscript submitted to an editor. She is just starting to write stories, and up to the present has written a long epistle stating her age, experience, and general capabilities in the literary line; but someone has told her that it is quite unnecessary. Which it certainly is. As a matter of fact, no letter is necessary at all. It is sufficient to write your name and address clearly on the top of the front page. It is obvious that a MS. would not be submitted if it were not intended to be published, and the name and address is only necessary for the purpose of returning the MS., or of sending along a cheque. Sometimes, however, this method is varied by an occasional letter of the sort which LENA inscribes, and by others less bulky. For example, I had one from an author the other day something like the following: "I should like to see the inclosed in P.W. Possibly you would not. If so, will you drop me a post-card, and I will send a man along to remove the debris." Now, this is refreshing, and in order to discover in how many various ways readers can treat one given subject, I offer a solid silver pencil case to the writer of the smartest letter supposed to accompany a manuscript, and a copy of the Earl of Desart's "Raid of the Detrimental" to each of the next best twenty-five. Attempts should not exceed fifty words, and should reach the "SMART" Editor on a post-card by Monday, March 20th.

LEFT.—You are one of the exceptions; only one person in ten has the left eye stronger than the right.

H. M. wishes to know what is meant by "locking up 'Gib.'" "I suppose it is some ceremony concerned with Gibraltar," he writes. "Was it at or before the siege, or what?" It is an every-day ceremony, H. M., or rather an every-night ceremony. It is one of the sights of Gibraltar. Every day at sunset the Keeper of the Keys marches through the town, accompanied by a guard and a regimental band; before him are carried the keys of the town gates. When the procession reaches the gates, the band, which has been playing during the march, strikes up afresh, the sentries salute, and the Keeper solemnly locks the great doors with his enormous keys. Then they march back again and deposit the keys with the Governor; and, after the gates are shut, you might as well try to swim across the Atlantic as enter Gibraltar without special authorisation.

THE other week we referred to a case in which a lady was in the habit of wearing large-sized men's boots. MISSIE writes to tell me that in his case—he is a man—the boot is on the other leg, so to speak. "I have a special weakness for ladies' high-legged button boots," he writes, "and have now worn such for many years. At present, I have on a pair of glacé kid with no fewer than twenty buttons on each boot—such beauties! I have, however, to suffer for my weakness, as I am teased most unmercifully, and, strange to say, the girls are my worst tormentors. I am never called anything but 'Baby,' or 'Missie,' or some such effeminate name. I think it's a shame!"

Surely it is not surprising that you should be ridiculed by the ladies for such a strange idiosyncrasy on your part. You are evidently not aware of the fact that if there is one thing the fair sex abhor in a man it is any trace of effeminacy and vanity such as your habit displays. Therefore, MISSIE, if you wish to regain the good opinion of the ladies, you will relinquish your beloved twenty-button, glacé kid footwear and go in for good, stout leather ones.

Questions and Answers Regarding the New £1,000 Competition.

H. J. K.—The names and addresses of the five witnesses must be written in full. If, however, they are all of the same town, it will be sufficient if the sentence, "All of Bradford, or Liverpool, or Glasgow," as the case may be, is written on the margin.

J. F. L.—It is necessary for each coupon sent in by one competitor to bear five signatures, but five people may sign as many coupons as they like.

ROGER.—There is no objection to a rubber stamp being used in place of signatures.

H. L.—Coupons from HOME NOTES, SHORT STORIES, SUNDAY READER, BIG BUDGET, PICK-ME-UP, and PASTIMES are all available in this competition.

ALL correspondence regarding this competition must be addressed to The Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and NOT marked BIRTHS. Only envelopes containing coupons should be marked in this way.

PHREBE.—Everything in good time. The stories which I spoke of on this page some time ago are coming along. Those entitled "The Chronicles of Humphrey Judd" will begin in the Easter number of P.W., and will be detective stories of a remarkably exciting character. When I say "detective stories," I don't mean that the cases are unravelled by an ordinary individual who is paid to do so, but by a wealthy person who spends all his time in detective work solely for his own delectation. In many instances, although he is a silent onlooker of a crime, and knows the culprit, while the police are groping about in the dark, he refrains on principle from opening his mouth. All his experiences he writes down and keeps very methodically, and these fall into the hands of a relative. Altogether, it is a capital series of stories.

A. J. M., in the course of his business, was delivering a letter the other night, and on pushing a somewhat bulky one through the aperture placed there for that purpose, his finger was seized the other side by a large dog. He assured me that if it had not been for the fact that the letter was doubled over his hand, he certainly would have been seriously maimed.

—All of this points to the deplorable custom of keeping a dog and not a letter-box. It ought to be made a penal offence for anyone to pay a dog to sit on the hall mat and wait for people's fingers to come to the opening in the door. I cannot for the life of me see what fun they get out of it.

APPLE.—The "apple orchard" of the French Government is in the garden of the Luxembourg; thither go all the apple-growers of France for cuttings. Two hundred and fifty varieties of the fruit are cultivated there by the Government. When the fruit is ripe it is divided into four lots; the finest quarter is sent to the President and figures at the official dinners of the season, the second is for the Prefect of the Seine, the third goes to the Paris Military Hospital, and the fourth to the larger restaurants of Paris.

On this page recently I told a correspondent something about that malady known as the "King's Evil." N. L. C. now propounds a theory which he believes accounts for the marvellous cures that were frequently effected. It is this:

The touch was usually accompanied by the gift of several gold pieces, and as the sick persons often belonged to the humbler classes, no doubt their disease was frequently caused by poor and unwholesome food. The Royal gift afforded them the means of purchasing better fare, and probably was spent in that manner. Sick persons who were extremely indigent were seldom touched, unless the Sovereign happened to be in their neighbourhood, but patients who were a little better off sometimes journeyed to London for the purpose, and if their disease originated from the damp and unwholesome localities which were so plentiful before the importance of drainage was realised, no doubt the fresh air and change of scene acted as a tonic. Thus, either better food or change of air worked the cure which superstition regarded as arising from the King's touch.

TROTTER sends me a chatty letter from Bocas del Toro, a small place in the Republic of Columbia, about a hundred miles north of the Isthmus of Panama. After telling me how pleased he is to receive a copy of P.W., and describing the locality and people, he continues: "I notice here a circumstance that has also struck me in other parts of the world; namely, the names bestowed on black children by their parents when the latter have come into contact with civilisation. They either take them from the Bible, which is not surprising, or from the classics of Greece and Rome. My black boy here delights in the name of Nehemiah; this is an Old Testament name, I know, but it is one that is not much used among white people. Caesar, Octavius, Pompey, even Socrates, I have met in my travels. I have tried to find out how they came by them, but I have hitherto been unable to obtain a reply that satisfies me."

The custom of bestowing such appellations upon negroes originated in the old slave-holding days when the owners, regarding the negro as a little better than a dog, but not much, named him as they would a member of the canine species. This has in time become ancestral; such names as Caesar "run in the family," so to speak. Then it must be remembered that the negro has a taste for anything that sounds grand, so when he hears a high-sounding name he thinks of it for future use.

D. A. S. is interested in a small hall that has been erected for lectures, concerts and the like in his village. Now that the building is finished he is disgusted to find that the acoustic properties are bad. "The architect has no explanation to offer," he writes, "but suggests that this or that slight alteration may secure the desired end. But I ask why it was not done properly at first, and he replies that it is impossible to be certain of the result in advance. This appears to be a lame excuse; what is your opinion?" No, it is not necessarily a poor apology for bad work, for we have yet much to learn concerning sound. Many architects make the same statement as yours has done—in fact, an architect once informed me that it was usually by a lucky fluke that a place was so constructed that a speaker could be heard in every part of it. The least modification will often change the aspect of things; a corner made "blunt," a slight alteration in an arch, or a small obstruction removed, and the merest whisper becomes audible all over the room. There seems to be as much to learn in that respect as in connection with smoky chimneys and draughts.

THE test of our readers' alertness which I applied the other day in connection with a story entitled, "1341," has satisfied me that everyone who peruses this paper thoroughly digests every word. In this story, the explanation of the number "1341" was deliberately omitted, with the result that hundreds of readers have written to point out that it did not appear. To each of these I have forwarded a pencil-case, and may say to all those whom it may concern that the figures referred to the number of the lamp-post near which the detective lay in wait for his quarry. His visit to the Local Board Offices was to determine the position of this lamp.

SHADOW.—The notion that is common among primitive races that dead bodies cast no shadow arises in this way: They believe that while they sleep their spirit leaves the body and wanders about; their recollection of dreams they explain as the things seen and done by their spirit at such times. They also believe that the shadow which sometimes accompanies their body is this spirit. Consequently, when dead, the spirit has left the body for an indefinite time—the shadow has gone—and the body cannot be accompanied by that shade.

As stated last week the FRESH AIR FUND is now open for another summer, and we shall be glad to receive any amounts which our readers are able to send. To carry out the programme we want £4,056, and towards this the P.W. total stands at less than £260.

We hope our readers will remember that we are not appealing on behalf of ourselves. But there are thousands of poor children in our large towns and cities who have never seen the country. For the sum of ninepence it is possible for them to do so, and we want you to help us in the work of throwing "little rays of sunshine" into their life. Although it is so early in the season we have already had applications from responsible persons asking that they may be permitted to take some of the children, in whom they are interested, for a day with the FRESH AIR FUND, and in each case they state they are acquainted with scores of children who don't know what the country is like, and won't find out during the coming summer unless the F.A.F. can help them. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, and see they are not disappointed. Ninepence is not a great sum, but it will work wonders if you send it here for the FRESH AIR FUND. Since last week the following accounts have come to hand:

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £253 10s. 6½d.

COLLECTED:

A. W. Tuer, £5 1s.; L. M. Tatten, 6d.; P. E. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; Ajax, 5s.; W. G. Turner, 2s. 6d.; Madame L. A. Krouness, 5s.; E. F. P., 1s.; J. W. Smith, 2s. 6d.; D. N. H., 6d.

Grand P.W. Total, £256 12s. 10½d.

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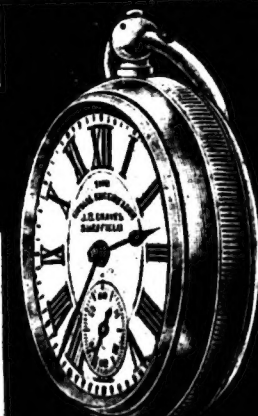
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